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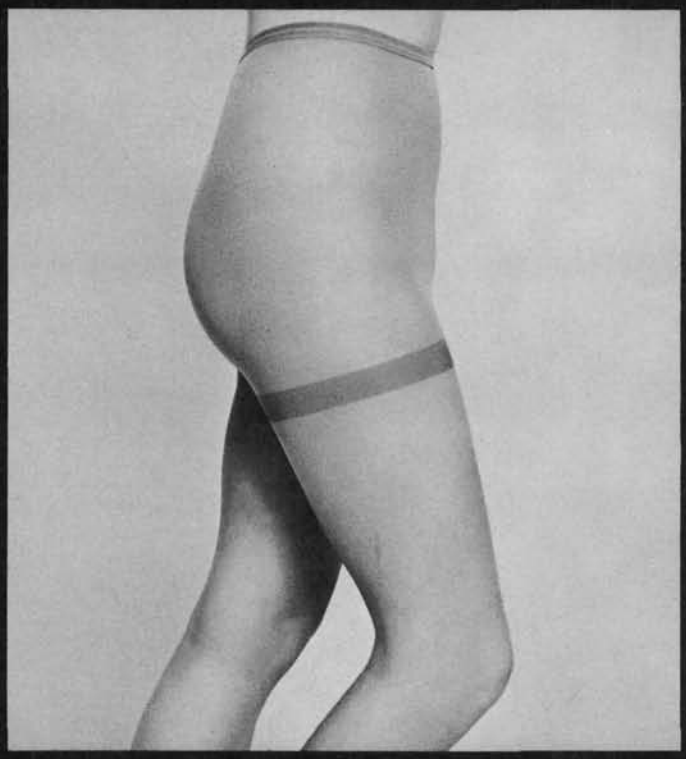

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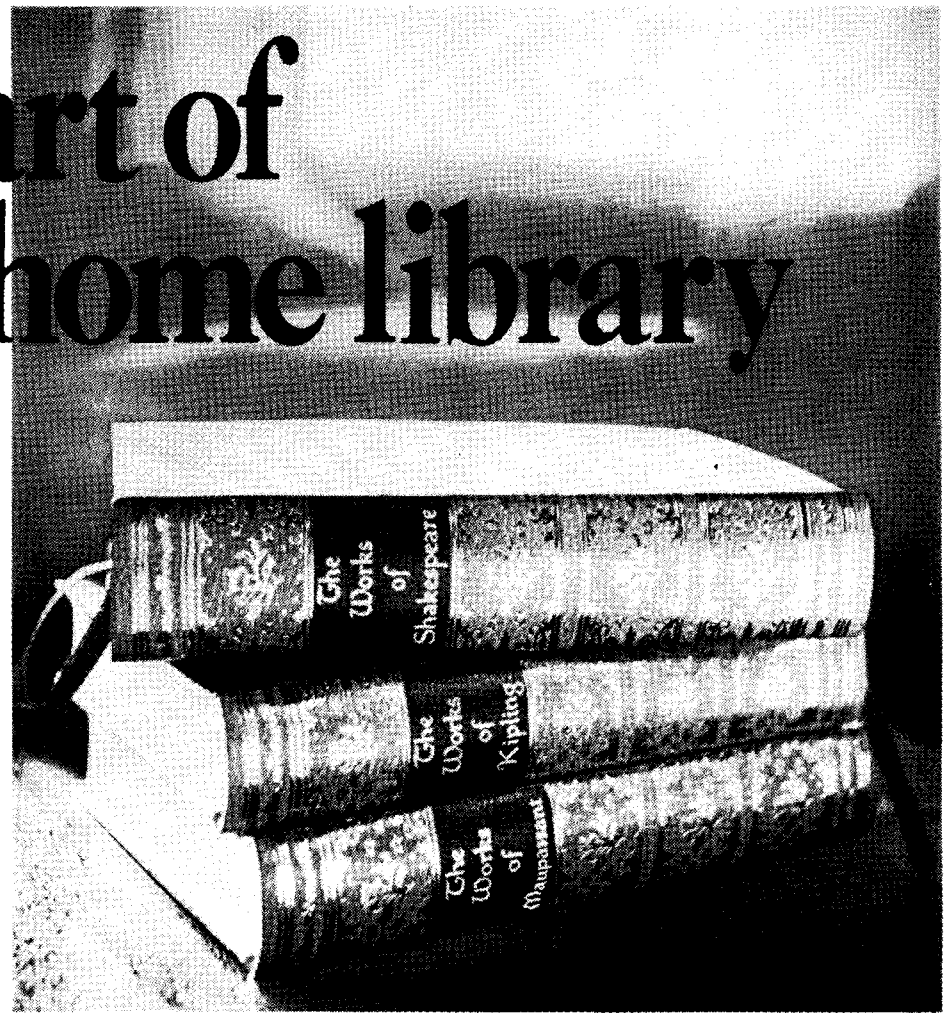

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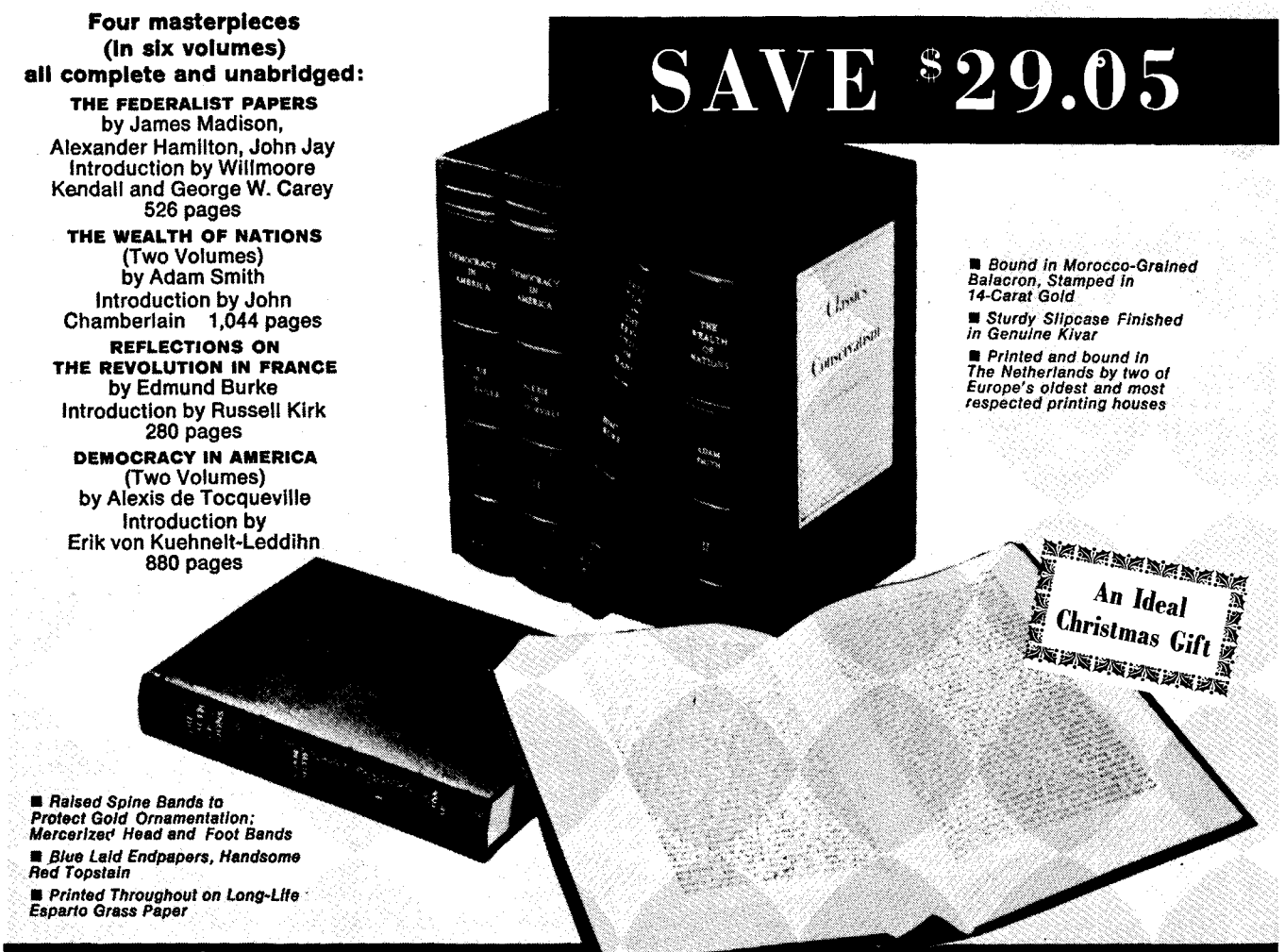

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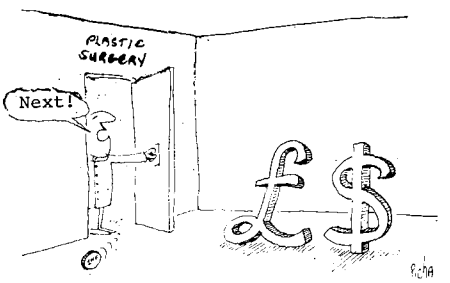
FOR THE RECORD

■ Friend or foe: When **Ho Chi Minh** died the first non-Communist countries to send condolences were: Sweden (**King Gustav**), India (Prime Minister **Indira Gandhi**), Pakistan (President **Agha Mohammad Yahya Khan**) and Canada (Foreign Minister **Mitchell Sharp**). . . . At Berkeley, nearly five hundred students marched in procession "to mourn the passing of the Vietnamese patriot." . . . The Communist Party U.S.A. sent its Secretary General **Gus Hall** to Hanoi (he didn't go through the gesture of getting his passport validated); **Chou En-lai** arrived early and left early, rather than risk a run-in with Soviet premier **Kosygin**. . . . Absence of **Mao** from Red Chinese contingent that paid its respects at North Vietnamese embassy in Peking touched off new rumors that Mao himself may be seriously ill. . . . On the other hand, on anniversary of Czech invasion: fifty young **East Germans** demonstrated against the occupation in Leipzig, refused to disband, and were finally rounded up and removed in police squad cars. . . . In Luxembourg, on Aug. 21, demonstrators marched silently to a square in the center of the city and renamed it **Jan Palach** Square —in honor of the Czech student who immolated himself to protest the Soviet occupation.

■ Prediction: we'll be hearing more and more of the brilliance, integrity, charm, nobility and ability of Sen. **Harold Hughes** of Iowa—he's the nearest thing the Democrats can find to a Kennedy-type these days. **Muskie**, **McGovern**, **Harris** et al., just don't seem to have it charisma-wise. . . . One thing that might reunite Illinois' sharply divided Democratic Party (divided between Mayor **Daley** and **Adlai III**) was death of Senator **Dirksen**. Now there's a chance Democrats could take his seat in '70—but only if they can get together. Some Illinois Democrats sorry about snide remarks that went the rounds when Daley appeared unexpectedly at left-liberal love fest at the late Adlai's farm in Libertyville, Ill., (Sens. George McGovern and Fred Harris presiding) a week earlier. . . . Still another astronaut setting his sights on politics. **James Lovell** indicates interest in running against Sen. **William Proxmire** in Wisconsin—after the Apollo 13 moon landing. Lovell will be skipper of that flight. Other astronauts interested in politics, **John Glenn**, the first American to orbit the world; **Frank Borman**, the first man to orbit the moon.



The Special, Belgium — Ben Roth Agency

■ The **Libyan monarchy**, overthrown a fortnight ago in army coup, was the world's newest monarchy; Libya itself was the first nation to be established under United Nations auspices in 1949. . . . Austerity in **France** means, among other things, that the projected third national TV channel will have to wait until 1971. . . . *Daily World* reports five hundred **Nigerians** are now studying in Soviet schools and colleges (Great Britain and the Soviet Union are vying in their support of Nigeria in its civil war). . . . Count **Carl Gustav von Rosen**, the Swedish flyer who helped Biafra set up its tiny airforce, will be one of the luminaries at the Keep Biafra Alive rally scheduled for Philharmonic Hall (Lincoln Center, New York) on Oct. 15. It's the most important Biafra benefit in recent months.

■ Realignments on the Left: **SDS** and **Black Panthers** are on the outs; Black Panthers and **Communist Party U.S.A.** are on the ins. Quote from Black Panther **Bobby Seale** (now under arrest in murder investigation) in *Berkeley Barb*: "We aren't against the Communists at all. We DIG Communists." Quote by Black Panther Information Minister **Ray Masai** in *Barb*: "The SDSers, the PLers [Progressive Labor faction], the pigs and the fascists had all better get it straight that we have a mind of our own." The SDS, says Masai, can be discounted because it "isn't revolutionary." . . . The SDS is also getting its knocks from the other side, the Maoist-inclined *Guardian* which attacks the present SDS (Weathervane) leadership for its "pathetic infatuation with the street-gang approach to politics." (An SDS leader, on reading the *Guardian*'s account of the recent SDS-Panther hassle, commented that it was "very close to being a pig action.") (Note for students of **New Left lexicography**: "pig" is replacing "m-----f-----" as term of greatest disdain.)

■ Signed into law in California, two **campus disruption bills**: 1) makes it a criminal offense for persons ordered off campus to return without permission; 2) revokes state financial aid for students taking part in campus disorders. . . . California schools and colleges are paying **insurance rates** 40 per cent higher this fall—as a result of arson and vandalism during last school year. . . . **Cornell**, where some of the worst disruptions occurred last spring, had big drop-off in expected financial donations —5 per cent increase over last year instead of projected 18 per cent.

■ San Marino's **Christian Democratic Party** put out an estimated $100,000 to fly four hundred American San Marineros back to vote in recent election to make sure the Communists wouldn't win power. It was overkill. The Christian Democrats had it with 2,758 votes to spare.

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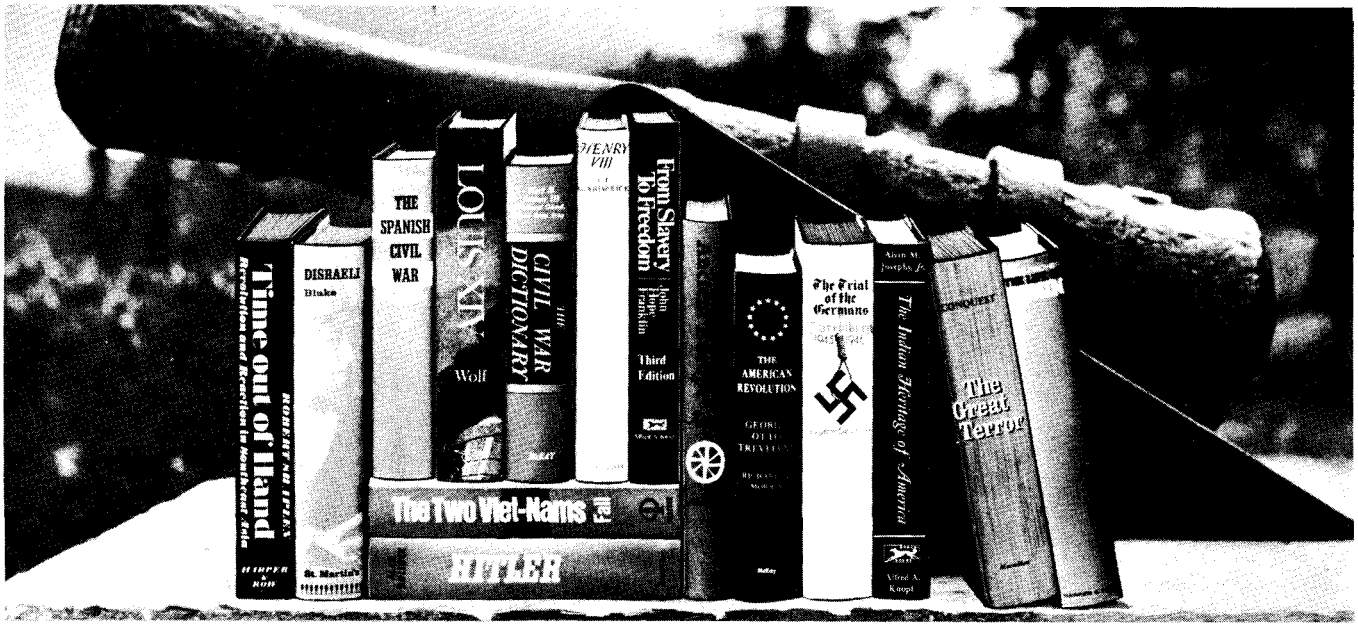

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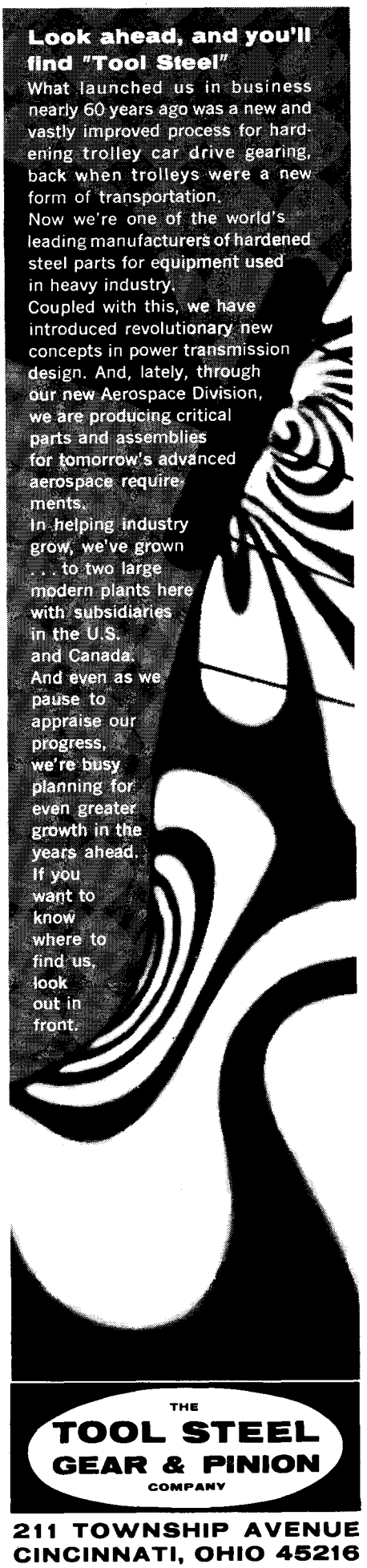
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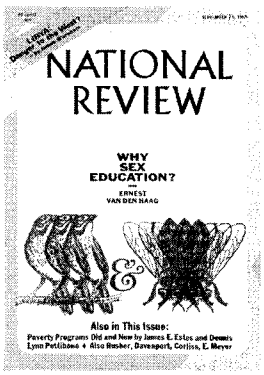
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Dr. **James E. Estes**, Associate Professor of Management at the University of South Carolina, addresses himself to the question of the guaranteed annual income, a concept which many commentators believe is being legitimized by President Nixon's welfare proposals. Professor Estes, making his first *NR* appearance, argues that the guaranteed income would rapidly force up wage rates, thus speeding inflation and requiring that any agreed-upon sum for the dole be substantially hiked each year. . . . **Dennis Pettibone**, also an *NR* first-timer and a teacher of history, puts his subject to good use in a description of the first great poverty program, an annual guaranteed grain handout instituted by Julius Caesar. . . . **Ernest van den Haag** considers the current controversy over sex education in the schools and pronounces irrelevant the arguments advanced by opponents and proponents alike. The whole overblown contemporary concern with sex, says van den Haag, needs to be put into some sort of sensible perspective. If the educationists have their way, there will eventually be full-time grade school courses on the islets of Langerhans. . . . Would you want your daughter to marry a Rolling Stone? asks **Phillip A. Luce**, who finds in the flap over rock music a subject worthy of satire. . . . **James Burnham** consults the historical record and sees in it the true significance of the recent coup in Libya. . . . **Russell Kirk** laments the state of the contemporary multiversity, in which courses in drugstore literature and pop culture require that students ogle girlie magazines and collect cigar bands. . . . **Charles Foley** continues his tour of Italy, this week delighting in Genoa. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** gently chides Norman Cousins and considers the value of bombing *Look* Magazine.



■ **William A. Rusher** looks at the two most important works of the '68 Presidential election, one Theodore White's customary leap-year effort, the other a team job by three leftist British journalists. Fascinating reading, but is it really quadrennially necessary? . . . "Look at the pongoid gerontomorph," says **Guy Davenport**, reviewing two which attempt to explain man to men. "I feel rather acromegalic this morning; it must have been the papaya juice." . . . **Elsie Meyer** analyzes a study of world hunger which, although correct in its diagnosis, comes up with a nightmarish neo-Orwellian remedy. . . . Pulitzer-prize winner **C. D. Batchelor**, now retired after fourteen years as *NR*'s senior cartoonist (he also was occasionally seen at the *Daily News*), appreciates a well-researched record of the political cartoon. . . . **Richard Corliss** serves up a cinematic casserole, most of the ingredients of which he finds less than palatable.

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LETTERS

Kilpatrick v. Warren

Many thanks for James Jackson Kilpatrick's informative article "A Very Different Constitution" [*NR*, August 12]. I found it to be quite an interesting account of the Warren years, free from much of the short-sighted rhetoric that has characterized evaluation of the man and his court up to this point. I wonder, though, if Mr. Kilpatrick has not managed to contradict his own thesis in his section on Warren and criminal law.

Setting a man free because of failure to observe his right of counsel seems a necessary, if at times distasteful, procedure, for it conforms with the idea that law must indeed be just and impartial. Surely, no one could argue that Mr. Warren's conscience dictated that he free criminals for the sake of having them on the street once again, but it would seem reasonable to say that he detected the failures of the law in these areas and nonetheless upheld them, in a manner that would allow the lawmaking bodies of the nation to then act on those laws and amend them in any way considered feasible. This, in my mind, is what Mr. Kilpatrick advances as the duty of the Supreme Court, yet he assails ". . . this finicky insistence upon legalistic perfection. . . ." Insistence on legalistic perfection strikes me as the highest duty of any court, for it is only through perfection in our laws that we can secure perfection in the rights of not only the criminals, but the majority of our population as well.

St. Louis, Mo. PAUL A. GILSTER

Rusher and the New Left

I must write to congratulate William A. Rusher on his perceptive and accurate "Memo on the New Left" [*NR*, August 12]. I think he has this aberrant breed neatly pinned to the board—but how I wish enough people were aware of what "the movement" actually amounts to! And he is right—they aren't all that bright, these nihilists!

ROLAND M. FRYE
Professor of English
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

William Rusher, by his article "Memo on the New Left," provides a striking example of the type of attitude that inflames rather than soothes the social fires of the times. Indeed, the staunch, immobile negation exhibited in the article reflects much of what serious youth despises.

Mr. Rusher concedes his remarks to be generalizations, but his comparison of

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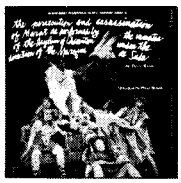

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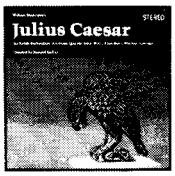

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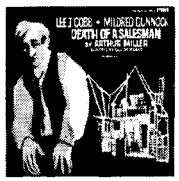

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students to "baboons," and his subsequent dismissal of that group as "intransigently ignorant youngsters" can do little to quell what in reality may be "infantile" fervor. The maturity that Mr. Rusher should possess requires that youth be exposed to education for assimilation, rather than be dismissed as of no consequence.

I sincerely hope that Mr. Rusher does not fully believe that the New Left is "negligible" as a "potential" political movement. I am a student, and I see the *ideas* of the New Left evident among my peers. Thus, I firmly believe that when the present student generation enters the actual political arena, much of the fervent, idealistic discussion presently heard will, to a degree, become reality.

Bob Dylan said "The times they are a-changin'." I believe that. I also believe in America's potential to become a humane nation. Such humanity will evolve through gradual transformation from liberal education in the old sense to personal education in a new sense. Furthermore, if personal education requires a realignment of national priorities such that education replaces defense as the primary area of federal spending, so be it.

What the students need is a charismatic leader with the conviction and dedication to unite them. When that person appears, Mr. Rusher may well find himself retired from the "firing line."

Sharon, Pa. GEORGE M. FODOR

The Perfect Solution

Despite his performance at Chappaquiddick, which must be described as spectacularly inept whether or not one accepts Francis Russell's novel hypothesis ["The Occurrence at Dyke Bridge," August 26], Senator Edward Kennedy retains the worship and adoration of a substantial fraction of the national electorate (according to Dr. Gallup, 3 per cent more than before the accident). It seems obvious that no matter what the Senator did, or will do later, he will continue to be venerated not as a political figure, but as a sort of god.

The actual title of "god" has not been bestowed, at least in Western lands, since the days of Caesar Augustus; it has instead been the practice to apply such titles as duke or count, to those anointed few who are manifestly beyond and above the base *canaille*. I see no good reason why the Congress, or possibly the Supreme Court, sitting as a Council of Nobles, should not designate Kennedy as Prince Edward I, Duke of Massachusetts, First Earl of Chappaquiddick.

Mesa, Ariz. ROBERT W. BLAIR, M.D.

Sad, Sadder . . .

We have always enjoyed and appreciated Mrs. Hazelton's writings in NATIONAL REVIEW, but we absolutely *adored* her article, "How I Became Sad at La Caravelle" [August 12]. We, who have had this experience *only worse* in the elegant New York restaurants, loved every word!

San Antonio, Tex. MRS. F. L. RAMSAY

Smoking Ban: Yes or No?

Your statement ["The Week," August 26] that the banning of cigarette advertising would not impede the sale of cigarettes seems to be based upon rather selective statistics.

However, I will use the same statistics to indicate the error in your assumptions. You stated that after the banning of cigarette commercials from the airwaves of Britain in 1965 the sale of cigarettes rose 5 per cent in 1966 as compared with the previous year. I only wish you would have compared this 5 per cent with the pre-ban expected increase for 1966 as based upon the average or typical increase for the years prior to 1965.

My feeling is that there was no doubt a diminished increase in sales as a result of the ban is borne out by the other statistics you used. You stated that from 1965 through 1968 the sale of cigarettes rose 8.75 per cent. This means that in the two-year period of 1967 and 1968 the increase was only 3.75 per cent as compared to the 5 per cent for the one-year period of 1966.

Thus, it seems that this decline in the increase of sales indicates that the ban was beginning to take effect, and I would be interested in seeing the figures for the present year.

Nutley, N.J. THOMAS HECHT

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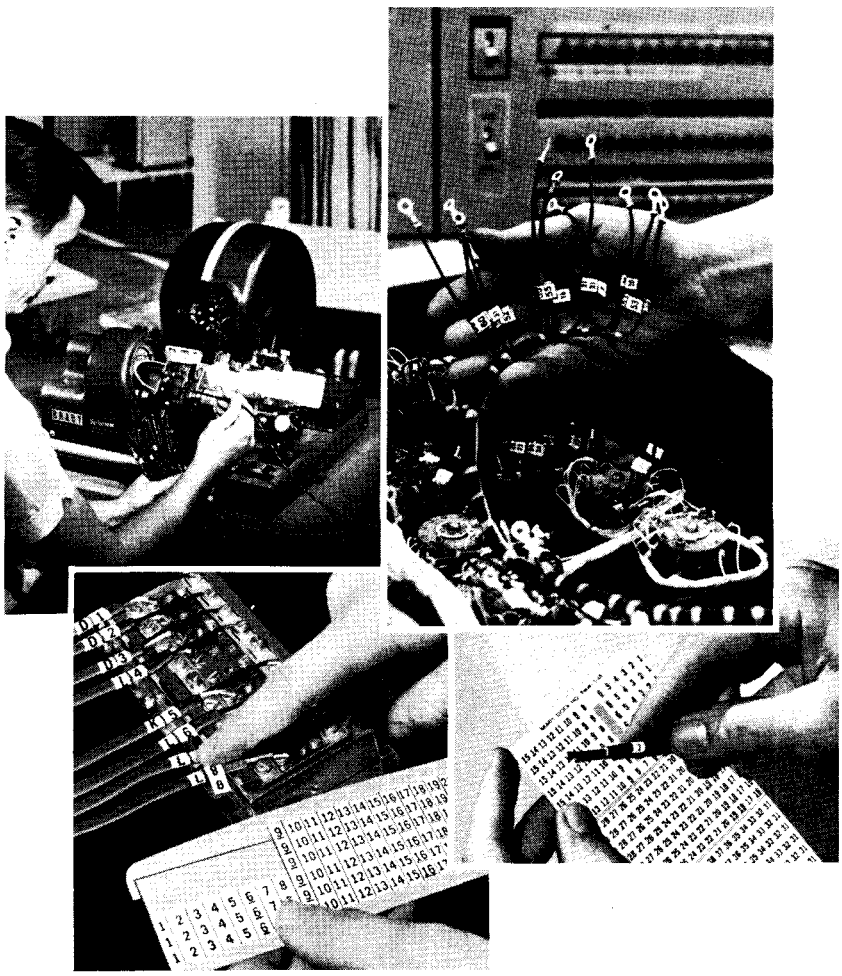

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I just read John Braine's article "On Leaving the Herd" [July 29]. Please send his address to me so that I may present him with a box of cigars as a token of my esteem. I am a grateful capitalist, but currently my gratitude far exceeds my capital. Therefore, gold cufflinks are simply out of the question.

Milwaukee, Wis. RUDOLPH T. RANDA

NR's Doxa

Since your magazine has been a regular source of pleasure for so long, I regret that my first correspondence must be of a critical nature. However, my reaction to Frederick Wilhelmsen's review of Russell Kirk's *Enemies of the Permanent Things* [*NR*, August 26] leaves me little choice in the matter. As to most of the review, it is excellent, and it is only with the reviewer's treatment of the work of Dr. Eric Voegelin that I am concerned. The reviewer notes accurately that Kirk accepts the distinction between the "philosopher" and the "philodoxer." However, the contemporary representation of the philodoxer is too narrow: surely there are more than those modern sophists, the followers of Max Weber. Doxa includes the whole realm of immanentist-activist opinions, the world of invective and dogmatism. Although NATIONAL REVIEW has attempted, through some of its contributors (noticeably Professor Kirk), to rise above doxa, it inevitably fails, for remember, *NR* is only the Right's version of the *New Republic* (although far superior to the original product).

Even a scholar such as Dr. Wilhelmsen retreats into the realm of doxa within your pages, a feat he would never undertake in a scholarly journal. He accuses Voegelin, in a "guilt by association" tactic, of being "enamored of Plato" (who incidentally was also the originator of the concept of doxa). Surely Wilhelmsen cannot be such a dogmatist as to question a man's value as a philosopher because that man read Plato. Let us hope the bitterness of the Augustinian-Thomist debate has ended. If it has ended for Wilhelmsen, it would seem that it does only in the unity and truth of the Catholic Church. How else could he imply that Voegelin's work is heretical because it does not conform to papal encyclicals and Church doctrine. Is it too much to remember that Voegelin is a philosopher, not a preacher, that he is interested in philosophical truths as an end and not creeds or doctrines, and that he has more than once demonstrated the need for open, rational debate in order to approach philosophical truth. The atmosphere of rational debate is not to be found in your otherwise excellent magazine. As Voegelin himself has written privately to me, "Of course I am not a dogmatist . . . all I can do is to keep strictly away from formal association with any of these conservative outfits, and

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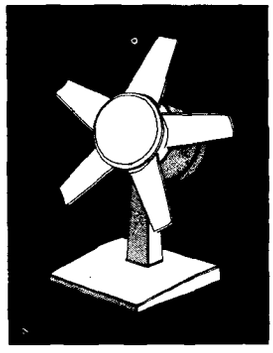

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for that reason I have always refused to write articles for NATIONAL REVIEW."

All this is not to say that I am in complete agreement with Dr. Voegelin. But at least he has the humility, often in his lifetime, to change his mind on many subjects. Would that the writers of NATIONAL REVIEW could be so humble.

JEFFREY M. NELSON
Department of History
Worcester, Mass. Clark University

Quoi?

Please, what does it mean to say that someone is "treated chiliastically by the press" ["On the Right," August 12]? I can make out that the word is connected with *chilias*, Greek for one thousand, and that the sense of it is connected with the early Christian expectation that Christ's Second Coming would occur in the year 1,000. But do you mean that the Spanish press, when it covers Franco, expects that Christ will come soon again? Or that Franco will come soon again? Or what do you mean to suggest about the expectations of the Spanish press?

I suppose what the phrase "means" in a pragmatic sense is that my *Webster's Collegiate* is inadequate. The suspicion has been growing for some time now (I guess I'll have to act on it) that I should read my *NR* alongside my OED.

West Lafayette, Ind. JOHN MURRAY

Yes, that's what it means. —ED.

The Ultimate Defense

First, let me say how much I enjoy reading your magazine. In addition to being informative and entertaining, it is one of the best written magazines published today. As a college student I use it constantly as a source of reference.

But I have also found another use for your wonderful publication. Please let me explain. You see, during the summer my family rents a cottage on the end of Long Island and I spend most of my time on the beach. As a young woman of eighteen, I find it increasingly difficult to spend an afternoon on the beach without being constantly bothered by men on the prowl, so to speak. I am barraged by whistles, wolf-calls, boat horns and assorted rude noises. Ignoring them does little good; in fact, it usually causes an increase in their campaign. Like any other normal girl, I appreciate attention but such goings-on are just plain annoying. Thankfully, I have found the answer to the eternal question of how to put down the pick-up. I simply take out a copy of the NATIONAL REVIEW and hold it in front of my face, high enough for them to see. As soon as they see the title and realize what I am reading, they run for cover (it especially dissuades the long-hair and beard type) and allow me to spend some time in peace.

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Williston Park, N.Y. CHRISTINE M. OFFEN

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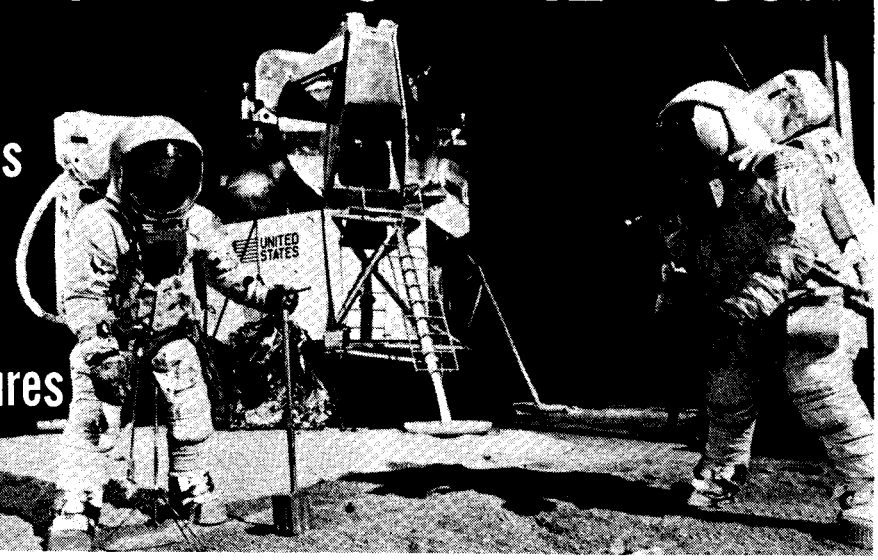

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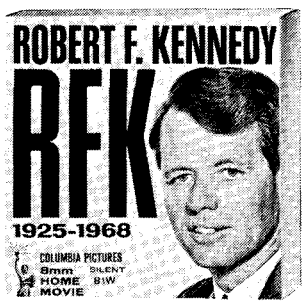

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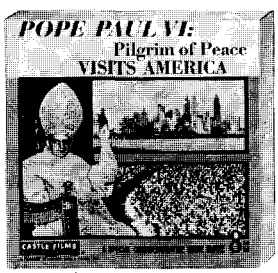

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THE WEEK

■ The Donkey Sanctuary (Registered Charity) "which rescues worn and ill-used donkeys from lives of misery" pleads that it is "in peril of closure from lack of funds—PLEASE SEND HELP TO PRESERVE ITS EVER OPEN DOORS." Somebody tell the Democratic National Committee to move their asses—this is an emergency.

■ Word is afloat that President Nixon, impatient with congressional reformers, will soon issue an executive order revising the selective service system so that all registrants for the draft will learn almost immediately whether the Army wants them or not. A draft lottery, which would make this possible, may be no fairer than the present system—only abandoning compulsory service in favor of a volunteer military or drafting absolutely everyone can be called fair. But a lottery would relieve many young men who choose not to volunteer of the nagging uncertainty that prevents them from planning their future until age 26, when the government relinquishes its option on their lives.

■ Mrs. Helynn Lewis, a former New York City antipoverty official, pleaded guilty last week to stealing $43,600 from the city's Human Resources Administration, the Lindsay superagency that handles all local aspects of the dole. Yes, that's HRA, the same outfit the *New York Times* has charged with "chronic corruption and administrative chaos." The same HRA which in January prompted then Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz, in a statement on antipoverty programs, to comment, "We've had problems in a few other cities, but nothing like New York." And the very same HRA which, according to Mayor Lindsay, has "checks and balances and auditing and self-policing systems that are pretty good—that are pretty careful." After all, what's $43,600? To be sure, it's only a fraction of the "uncounted millions" (the *Times*' estimate) that have leaked through HRA. Certainly small enough potatoes to cause the *Times*, in the present instance, to remark judiciously that Mrs. Lewis is "the first major HRA official to acknowledge a role in the corruption. . . ."

■ Among the business deferred by the Lindsay Administration until after the election is a minisecession in Harlem, involving one square block on 125th Street between Seventh and Lenox—site of a proposed State Office Building that was supposed to bring peace to the area. The property was seized in early July and is still held by young black militants, who dramatized the rebellion by removing an American flag and running up their own red, green and black revolutionary standard, and who now spend the long days wondering why the authorities don't take action to throw them out. The reason is that police have been ordered not to interfere, and the name of the game is ghetto-cooling.

■ Felix Frankfurter, history has absolved you! In 1943, in the *Schneiderman* case, the Supreme Court ruled that an admitted Communist may take the Oath of Naturalization, despite a requirement that to take the Oath the would-be citizen must have been "attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same" for five years. It has just been learned that Justice Frankfurter (who dissented) passed a note to Justice Murphy offering this summary of the majority decision: "The American Constitution ain't nuthin'. The Communist Party don't stand for nuthin'. The Supreme Court don't mean nuthin'. Nuthin' means nuthin', and ter hell with the U.S.A. so long as a guy is attached to the principles of the USSR."

■ The Office and Professional Employees Union (OPEU) tried to organize the Colonon Corporation of Santa Anita, California because Colonon paid "miniwages." Catchy slogan, what? The company struck back. It gave its secretaries cute miniskirts, high, wide and handsome boots, and neatly lettered signs reading: "Yes, on mini; no, on union." And that's how the vote came out. UNFAIR LABOR PRACTICE! screamed the National Labor Relations Board (and you know what it's mini on) and ordered a new election.

■ Nobody believed them, of course, those military men who took over Ghana after Nkrumah fled. They promised free elections once some measure of stability was restored, a promise which military men always make shortly after the latest coup. But now they've gone and done it. The August 29 national elections were free and open and honest, and the citizens of Ghana, primitive

Under the Double Standard

The two Israelis languishing
  In Syrian detention
Have roused the pilots of this world
  To root for intervention.
Their reasoning is logical:
  Unless the laws are tougher,
They'll soon be flying solo, and
  The industry will suffer.
My problem is their languor when
  The languishing was Tshombe's.
Back then, they navigated like
  A bunch of flying zombies.

W. H. VON DREELE

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tribesmen as well as university graduates, turned out in force to give Dr. Kofi A. Busia, long a leader of anti-Nkrumah forces, an overwhelming mandate. Dr. Busia conducted a clean campaign, the major issues being fiscal responsibility, honest government and restraint in foreign relations, issues which became crucial under the corrupt, adventurist Nkrumah regime. Astonishing, to many, that the elections were ever held at all. Also astonishing that a man of integrity and intelligence was elected. And perhaps most astonishing of all: Dr. Busia has actually promised to pursue a pro-Western foreign policy.

■ In an interview with the *Johannesburg Sunday Times*, Professor N. J. Rhoodie of the Department of Sociology, the University of Pretoria, held out the good American attitude toward race as one his country must emulate if it is not to lose "most, if not all, of its friends overseas." "The sooner we realize that no civilized European or American any longer accepts color as a norm, the better it will be for us," Prof. Rhoodie said, citing this view as the reason "no American government could afford to make any outward display of affection towards South Africa." Professor Rhoodie was also critical of claims of growing foreign sympathy made by South African leaders who "are mainly in contact with right-wing people and do not meet a cross-section of [American] public opinion." A triumph for common sense and free expression on race in Darkest South Africa, and a tribute to the progress America has made in putting racial differences behind us.

■ It may be just the Reuters report, but the way we read it, Nobelista Prof. Linus Pauling has rearranged his Gnostic priorities to advocate 4) an end to unequal distribution of wealth, 3) ditto militarism, 2) ditto cigarette smoking, and 1) everybody should drink orange juice, because orange juice fights disease, and helps in treating schizophrenia, and can raise IQ, and mostly it helps one think clearly, and just "imagine what would be the consequence for the world if national leaders and the people as a whole were to think more clearly, even 10 per cent more clearly," as he puts it, and "imagine where the world would be now if Prof. Pauling had started drinking orange juice years ago instead of last month," as we put it, and as long as we're all agreeing and thinking clearly and drinking orangely, don't sell your frozen orange juice futures until Strontium 90 sets in.

■ Tim Leary has been sighted—on his way to Fulton Montgomery Community College, Johnstown, New York, to lecture and, mayhap, to dream. Other speakers scheduled to appear there this fall: Dr. Spock, Muhammad Ali and Julian Bond. Montgomery knows what Balance is all about, wouldn't you say?

■ NATIONAL REVIEW, *Human Events*, Young Americans for Freedom and the American Conservative Union have announced plans for a jointly sponsored dinner to honor one senator and one congressman who have rendered outstanding (and conservative) service. Billed as the First Annual Conservative Awards Dinner, the black-tie event will be held in Washington, D.C., Saturday, October 4 at 8 P.M. in the Sheraton Park Hotel. On the list of sponsors: John Ashbrook, Chairman of the ACU; Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Editor, *NR*; John L. Jones, Executive Director, ACU; David Keene, Chairman, Young Americans for Freedom; Robert Kephart, Publisher, *Human Events*; William A. Rusher, Publisher, *NR*; Randal Teague, Executive Director, YAF; Thomas Winter, Editor, *Human Events*. Tickets are $25 each and may be obtained from: Conservative Awards Dinner, Suite 1, 328 Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003. Checks should be made payable to First Annual Conservative Awards Dinner.

"That's very nice . . . now get back into the cave."

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■ The Capon Society, defender of virile Republicanism, is suffering speakable agony, because here it is, see, and over there, in the White House, unCaponized, is a Republican President. One Capon member has become so agitated as to recall the existence of the United States Constitution. Writing to the *Capon Forum,* Howard N. Meyer calls upon all fellow members "who believe in decency, social justice, fair play, and above all the lost American tradition of anti-militarism and peace, as well as fidelity to the Constitution"—or at least those portions of it which reserve the power to declare war and to ratify treaties to the Congress; not those portions of it which reserve to the several states and the people the powers which, exercised usurpatively by the Federal Government, constitute the entire Capon program for Social Justice—". . . to form the groundwork for a dump-Nixon organization. . . . " Only those *fed up to here* (emphasis in original) with the "Nixon style and substance" and who "cannot sit by and watch the growth of a monster that has room for Roger Robb, Otepka, and that unspeakable Kleindienst" need apply, anyone else presumably being aware that "style and substance" fall somewhat short of the constitutional grounds for removing incumbent Presidents, even Republicans. Mr. Dooley probably had the Capon mentality in mind when he observed, "th' Constitution iv th' United States is applicable on'y in such cases as it is applied to on account of its applicability."

White House West

Richard Nixon's new house overlooking the Pacific in San Clemente, California has come to be known as White House West, and his working vacation there this summer has a symbolic significance that makes it more than a reflection of Nixon's personal taste. He returned to the Southern California of his boyhood, but at the same time he moved the Presidency from East to West, thus giving symbolic ratification to a process which has been going on relentlessly since World War II: the movement of wealth, population and power westward.

One of Nixon's crucial memories—he referred to it in his acceptance speech in Miami—is of lying awake long ago in Whittier and listening to train whistles in the night. He knew instinctively that significance and possibility were to be sought elsewhere, back across the continent, eastward. But his own personal journey has come full circle, coinciding with a seismic social shift. The nomination of Senator Goldwater by a party long dominated by the Northeast; the unmitigated futility of Nelson Rockefeller's attempts to gain national office; Lyndon Johnson's reliance on a bevy of Southwesterners, no small factor in the icy fury with which he was regarded by the media and by Eastern academia; Nixon's own nomination, and election, by states outside of the Northeast—all these were signs of the shift of power away from the Eastern littoral. Nixon's White House West makes all this, as it were, official.

It has even an epistemological significance, a fact not lost on the New York and Washington press, which grumbled all summer about the San Clemente sojourn. As a rule, the news travels from East to West, its timing —but also its perspective—conditioned by the fact that it emanates from the media centers of Washington and New York. Thus, Californians are more aware of, say, Rockefeller and Lindsay than New Yorkers are of Kuchel or Cranston. But now, who knows?—the *Times* may have to establish a San Diego Bureau, and ship Reston and Wicker out to the coast. We could use a little brain drain here in the East.

Ceasefire for Ho?

It is hard to see why anyone should have expected the South Vietnamese to honor a ceasefire announced by Hanoi as a tribute to the memory of Ho Chi Minh. Nearly two million persons in South Vietnam are refugees from Ho's terror squads in the North. Ho's killers have assassinated at least fifty thousand South Vietnamese villagers, kidnaped tens of thousands of the youth, tortured more tens of thousands, killed and maimed thousands of civilian city-dwellers who happened to be near the receiving end of bombs and grenades. His propagandists have used every psywar art to defame and destroy South Vietnamese morale and leadership, and to falsify, on a global scale, the Vietnam story. His unrelenting objective was the conquest of the South Vietnamese people and their forced integration within his totalitarian system. His doctrine calls for the liquidation of the religious beliefs deeply held by most of the South Vietnamese population and the overturn of their way of life. It was unfeeling and base of those in American officialdom who gave way to Hanoi's cynical, treacherous ceasefire pseudo-offer, and tried to pressure the Saigon government to go along. Did we proclaim a requiem ceasefire at Hitler's death? Ho was a monster. We will hope, as of all men, that through divine mercy his soul may find peace. But we should despise his memory.

However monstrous, Ho was also, of course, a leader of great talent, tenacity and—what is now most to the point—charisma. Because of his charisma, and because he won the war against the French and established a country, Ho was a powerful and centripetal symbol, not only for his own subjects but for most Southeast Asians and not a few persons beyond Southeast Asia. His death, therefore, does alter the Vietnam situation. Neither Le Duan nor Truong Chinh, now seemingly the two most influential North Vietnamese, nor any of their comrades (except possibly Giap a little, but he is old, unwell, no longer in the topmost rank) has charisma, and therefore none and no combination can fully replace Ho. Though there is not likely to be any quick change

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in Hanoi's explicit policy, this may well mean a blurring of focus, a letdown in dynamism, fighting morale and the spirit of sacrifice that Ho was able to arouse. The Saigon leaders will no longer have to appear to the Vietnamese in direct comparison with the semimythical, awesome, charismatic "founder," Ho. As persons and as images, Thieu and Khiem and their associates can stand up well enough against Le Duan, Chinh & Co.

Ho's death is a net gain, therefore—if President Nixon can continue firm, and if he can carry his countrymen with him. Perhaps, though, it is time he told us more frankly that, in spite of the Paris talks and the offered concessions and the troop withdrawals and Ho's death, there is no sign that Hanoi's essential position is going to change soon. That position, as *The Economist* sums it up: "The Americans must get out, and the Saigon government must be replaced by a coalition which would apparently exclude the members of the present administration and which the Communists could therefore reasonably count on dominating before long."

What's Up in Greece?

Events in Greece are disheartening, and the suspicion grows among men who countenanced the coup, that the colonels are simply becoming Fond of Power, and have no intention of restoring any liberties which inconvenience them.

Consider the proposed law, so impudently described as a "press freedom law." It would require all journalists to register, and permit only those who are registered to work. It would provide for the removal of journalists from the register by a disciplinary council on a showing that said journalist had exhibited a "lack of faith and devotion to the country and to the national ideals." It would provide severe penalties for publishing "reports aimed at" overthrowing the regime. It would provide for the confiscation of any newspaper that publishes insults against Christianity, the king or members of the royal family, or that gives "information about the country's defense."

The colonels are really in a jam, and one wonders if they know it. On the one hand they proclaim the popularity of their regime, witness the great yes vote they won on the new constitution last fall. On the other hand they propose to restrict the freedom of the press as if their hold on the government was so tenuous as to depend on total press sycophancy. It is a sad story however you look at it. Sad, if we have here merely one more example of a nation's governors gorging themselves on the people's freedom. Sad if the situation in Greece is so explosive as to require Draconian repression in order to preserve stability. There is still room for argument over which of these two explanations fits, but none at all on the proposition that the colonels have not leveled with the friends of Greece, their cynicism being most neatly communicated by the Orwellian description of the press law.

Federal Money

Now watch; I'll draw a diagram.
You give one buck to Uncle Sam.
He gives the dollar back, but it's
Deflated now to just six bits.
You wonder where the quarter went?
To keep the bureaus affluent.
So when they pass it back as "free,"
Restrain yourself from squealing, Whee!

W. H. VON DREELE

Anti-Inflation, De-Escalation

In the TV theater of the absurd, Teddy Kennedy must now yield to Canada's Pierre Trudeau. Recently Trudeau appeared in what had been billed as a major TV speech to explain the inflationary crisis in Canada and his liberal belt-tightening to restore a sound dollar.

It was an important appearance for Trudeau, who has been falling from favor recently. When he rammed a new antifilibuster law through Parliament in July, his insults against the Opposition set a new low in parliamentary decorum. Then he went to Vancouver for a fund-raising dinner and wound up with a charge for criminal assault (since dismissed) arising from his alleged slugging of a youth.

The speech began bravely as Trudeau limned the outlines of the inflationary mess. Since the topic was somewhat technical, Trudeau arranged for charts and graphs to explain the workings of prices and money. Unfortunately, his aides were so preoccupied in applying make-up to the speaker that they forgot to spray the charts with non-reflecting matte. Result: blank glares on TV and blank stares from the assembled millions.

Trudeau's line seemed sensible enough: inflation is out of hand and the government is going to have to cut back on its spending. Apparently this outmoded and reactionary line shocked the CBC (the government-owned network), for it cut Trudeau off in mid-sentence and switched to—Tommy Douglas, leader of the Socialist Party, for critical comment.

Actually, the CBC need not have worried, because on closer examination Trudeau's sudden conversion to conservatism is illusory. The burden of the spending cut will be borne by the Department of Defense. Regiments will be demobilized, radar bases closed, and Canada's capacity to share in Western defense will be further reduced. Trudeau's vaunted economy drive is little more than an excuse for continuing his systematic campaign to pull Canada out of NATO and NORAD.

It was, after all, absurd to profess economy when Trudeau had just forced a compulsory socialized medicine scheme on the nation, at awesome cost. The legions

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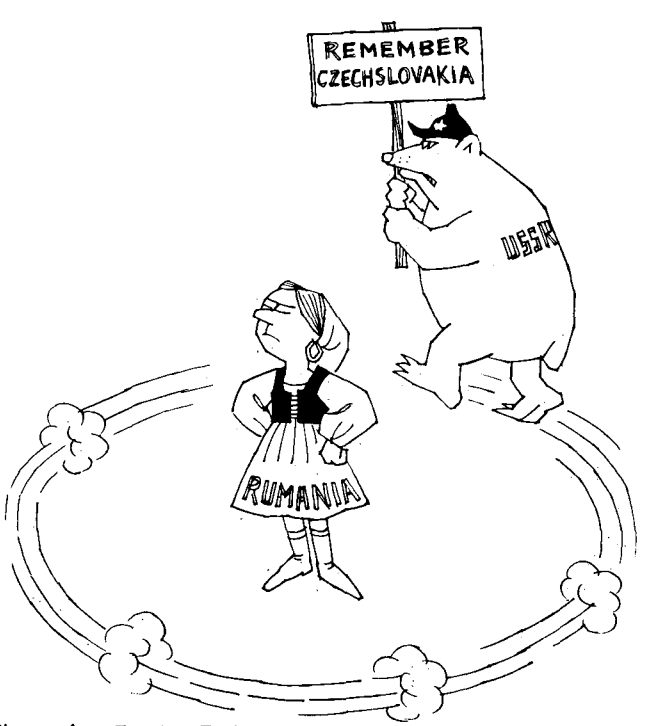
are disbanded but the Department of Health and Welfare grows more bloated. Trudeau's TV fiasco was nothing more than he deserved.

The Frivolous Candidate

Back in 1965, supporters of Republican-Liberal candidate John Lindsay loved to dismiss Conservative candidate William F. Buckley Jr. He was, they said, "not a serious candidate." Now Republican-Conservative John Marchi is saying much the same thing about Liberal Lindsay: that he is "just not a factor" in the coming election. Perhaps the Marchi line is merely a ploy; nevertheless, as they used to say in the jungle movies, "Times have changed, Bwana."

To be sure, the campaign has six weeks more to run and has only now begun to heat up. But already Lindsay is in bad trouble. He finds himself running on a minority-party line that gave him only 250,000 votes in 1965. That year he got 867,000 votes on the Republican line; this year, estimates are that 500,000 to 600,000 of those votes will go to Marchi (plus another 300,000 or more on the Conservative line, where Buckley polled 341,-000). Calculating that another line on the ballot might give him some more votes, Lindsay engineered the founding of the Independent Party, one of whose sponsors turns out to have ties with the Mafia.

Clearly, Lindsay's only hope is to siphon off Democratic votes from Mario Procaccino, a law-and-order man. Ah, but *which* Democratic votes? Middle-class Jews, traditionally liberal, seem unimpressed with Lindsay this time around. Blacks and Puerto Ricans, whom he has courted so eagerly, make up only 15 per cent of the city's registered voters. A special drive to register minority-group members, with the obvious intention of helping Lindsay, failed badly, with fewer than 40,000 new voters signed up. The middle class, having sat out there in the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island being virtually ignored by Lindsay for four years, appears to be immune to his charm. Four-fifths of the City's people live outside Manhattan, yet Lindsay ventures thither only because he feels he absolutely must—and, almost always, the jeers equal the cheers. Procaccino is more at home in Harlem than Lindsay is in Forest Hills (in a memorable gaffe, the Democratic candidate told a black audience: "My heart is as black as yours." They loved it).



Pierre, *Aux Ecoutes*, Paris — Ben Roth Agency

Even on his own turf, in Manhattan, Lindsay is in trouble. Super-liberal Ed Koch, Congressman from Lindsay's old silk-stocking district and once a faithful supporter, won't endorse him now—because he "has implanted a seed in the minds of the voters that you can't have a good guy for mayor because good guys are weak." At Lindsay campaign headquarters, staff workers prefer to be paid in cash. On the train from White Plains the other morning, a Lindsay campaign staffer was overheard to remark that his man "doesn't have a chance unless a miracle happens."

Lindsay's jerry-built coalition of regular Republicans, liberals and minorities has fallen apart. For which reason Lindsay has stopped acting like a hero (at which he is good) and started acting like a politician (at which he isn't). He had to all but crawl for Paul O'Dwyer's rump New Democratic Coalition to get its endorsement. He begged President Nixon (who endorses Marchi) to keep Robert Morgenthau as U.S. Attorney for New York, in exchange for support from certain powerful Democrats. In a clumsy effort to get back some of the Jewish vote, he opposed appointment of Judge Clement Haynsworth to the Supreme Court because Haynsworth is "not in the tradition of Brandeis, Cardozo, Frankfurter and Goldberg" and suggested instead three New York judges, all of them Jewish. Suddenly concerned for the feelings of the outlanders, he canceled plans for a municipal garage in Jackson Heights.

Events have conspired against Lindsay. Since the primary, the city's crises have been workaday ones: power shortages, traffic jams, deteriorating service on the Long Island Railroad. There have been no racial disturbances for him to quell by walking bravely down the streets of Harlem. The masses are not about to flock to the banner of a candidate who condemns higher telephone and electric rates, or bemoans cuts in Medicaid and education funds. Once they might have, but after four years of Lindsay New Yorkers realize that it's all talk. The muggings and holdups go on (bus drivers no longer make change in Fun City), the traffic gets worse (Lindsay canceled the proposed Lower Manhattan Expressway), prices and taxes go up (Lindsay will keep the twenty-cent subway fare, just as he was going to keep the fifteen-cent fare four years ago), housing deteriorates (in Lindsay's first term, one-fourth

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as much public housing was built as in Robert Wagner's worst term).

The real issue of this campaign is the growing difficulty of survival in New York City. In the light of that issue, Lindsay's candidacy, like his stewardship, seems increasingly irrelevant—indeed, frivolous. Should he lose in November, it will remain just that and others will have to repair the damage. Should he squeak back into office, his frivolity will be a matter of the utmost seriousness—for the people of his suffering city, and for the nation that Lindsay has for so long believed to be in desperate need of him.

The Rev. Roderick Random

A man of terrifying energy, James Pike was a kind of spiritual picaro, and, in his intellectual frivolity, a representative figure and a portent. Born a Roman Catholic, he started out to become a Jesuit priest, but lurched into militant atheism, and undertook a successful law career. One day in 1944 he dropped into an Episcopal church, found the music and the ceremony moving, and became an Episcopalian. After a characteristically intense stint at Union Theological Seminary, his drive and ambition carried him to the chaplaincy at Columbia, to Dean of St. John the Divine, to Bishop of California; he was a radio performer and prodigious fund raiser.

His family life was chaotic: three marriages, a bout of alcoholism, the suicide of his son; so was his theology: casually, he peeled away doctrine after doctrine, discarding them in a sort of theological strip-tease—the Virgin Birth, the Trinity, the divinity of Christ. (When objections were raised to the elevation of Benjamin Hoadley, a well-known Deist, to an Anglican bishopric, Sir Robert Walpole replied insouciantly that a man didn't have to be a Christian in order to be a bishop.) Intellectual distinctions were inaccessible to Pike: he did not, for example, hesitate to extend Episcopal holy orders to a Methodist minister. His own church responded in kind, refusing to designate Pike as heretical.

At last Pike went around the bend and into spiritual-

Meet Them in St. Louis

The Young Americans for Freedom, now nine years old, held their fifth national convention in St. Louis over Labor Day weekend. The widely heralded (in conservative circles) confrontation between libertarians and traditionalists did not entirely come off: both sides agreed on the selection of David A. Keene of Wisconsin as the new National Chairman, and both sides seemed in the end relatively happy with what was accomplished at the convention. The libertarian caucus was happy because it had been given a chance to present its position to the membership at large. The traditionalists were happy because they had, after all, elected all nine of their chosen candidates to the nine open positions on the National Board, by majorities ranging from the enormous to the merely very large. A brief interstice in the general happiness appeared when an anarchist interloper in the Virginia delegation burned a Xerox copy of his draft card during a debate on the draft, but in the ensuing tumult everyone in sight joined in condemning his action and recommending his excommunication by the National Board—a recommendation carried out the next morning, the expellee being furnished with a Xerox copy of his expulsion notice, for future incendiary use.

Lest anyone find it difficult to determine precisely what a traditionalist is and what a libertarian is, it may be explained that a traditionalist believes in individual liberty within the framework of the Western tradition, whereas most libertarians believe in individual liberty within the framework of the Western tradition. A few, of course, believe in individual liberty apart from the Western tradition, and there's the rub. It can be seen most clearly in the question of what position YAF should take in relation to the SDS, on those issues (and they may not be, even on that clear day when one can see forever, entirely visible to the naked eye) where the SDS is supporting human freedom. The extreme libertarian answer is that the Right and the New Left can work together in these areas. The answer given at the convention was that they cannot, and, moreover, should not even if they could.

Apart from cases this extreme, it may be doubted whether the game of drawing distinctions between libertarian and traditionalist is worth the candle power it consumes. All conservatives who have any right to the name must be libertarians, must support freedom, whether they understand it as the freedom to play John Galt or the perfect freedom of service to God. And all conservatives who have any right to the name must be traditionalists, must enter into the great tradition, whether they emphasize those parts promulgated by Thomas Paine or Frédéric Bastiat, or those promulgated by Thomas Aquinas or Augustine of Hippo, or conceivably (if not probably) both.

Yet it is nonetheless heartening that 723 voting delegates, with alternates and observers, should meet in St. Louis at the end of August in the Year of Our Lord 1969, to argue (into the small hours) the meaning of conservatism, to listen to conservatism expounded, and to make plans to continue that conservative offense which however defined is still our best defense against the ravages of liberalism, against the ill fare of the welfare state, against the anomie which by barrio and barricade is taking America into itself.

—J. C. LOBDELL

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ism. He claimed extrasensory powers, he frequented mediums, he communed with the dead on TV shows. With a supreme sense of fitness, he joined the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara. The final—and perfect—bit of symbolism was added by his third wife when Pike was buried in Jaffa: she placed on his coffin a so-called "peace cross," an emblem combining the Christian cross with the familiar peace symbol —the untenable idea being that the sentimental-pacifist desire for physical survival at any price is somehow the same thing as the historic Christian affirmation, the faith of the saints and the martyrs.

But in all of his absurdity, wooliness and confusion, Pike was a portent, and his spirit has indeed survived him. The week he disappeared into the wilderness, the Episcopal Church moved to allocate $200,000 in "reparations" to James Forman's organization, which is really a sort of Moral Protection Racket. The mind shudders. Will Dublin demand reparations from London? Will we (the British burned Washington in 1814)? What will the American Indians ask? Should the Arabs pay reparations to the blacks because their ancestors were slavers—or demand them from Spain over the conquest of Granada? And how about the Aztecs, the Sicilians and the Walloons? Sail on—in confusion—House of Bishops.

Everett Dirksen, R I P

It is a sad fact that Everett Dirksen's death will not bring true national grief. On the Left, they thought of him as a colorful politician who always maneuvered in such a way as to serve the Establishment, particularly the business establishment. On the Right, they thought of him as a stabilizing force, on the whole; but so much the pragmatist that you couldn't really count on him in a pinch. Mr. Murray Kempton, the columnist, began a dispatch a few years ago by remarking that the Friends of Katanga had "begun its career where most conservative organizations end them—with the desertion of Everett Dirksen."

The circumstances come to mind. A group of Americans who objected to the United Nations' declaration of war against Katanga formed a committee and invited the usual luminaries to join it. In came a telegram from Senator Dirksen consenting to the use of his name as a sponsor. That evening he was called to the White House by President Kennedy. On leaving, and being questioned by reporters about his support of the Katanga Committee, he replied that he had never authorized the use of his name. I sent him a Xeroxed copy of his telegram, to which he replied with that sublime evasiveness which enraged and disarmed so many of his critics, that "as Lincoln said, the dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present."

I remember an occasion when I heard him deliver a speech, and amused myself by doodling away at what the academicians call an "intellectual schematic," i.e., a sentence by sentence paraphrase of the analytical narrative. I am telling you, that speech was utterly meaningless—empty of content—lacking in any development. He received a standing ovation. The audience had come to him on his own terms. They desired the resonant tones, the patriotic attitudinizations, the diapasonal rhetoric. I should have added that, notwithstanding, I was enraptured.

The *Chicago Sun Times,* somewhere along the line, recorded about Senator Dirksen that in his seventeen years in the House of Representatives he changed his mind 62 times on foreign policy matters, 31 times on military affairs, and seventy times on agriculture. Upon reaching the Senate, as we all know, he achieved his stride, and greatly improved on that record.

And yet, and yet . . . 1) he was a great democratic politician. By great, I mean that he was able upon shifting positions to justify his new position in terms that satisfied the moral conscience. If a politician changes his mind merely because he has whiffed the Gallup Poll, he can look craven, and in doing so can undermine the democratic pride. Senator Dirksen always made his tergiversation appear to have been the result of divine sunburst, so that the silt of cynicism never came down to choke him. Pleading for a nuclear test ban notwithstanding that the proposed treaty failed to incorporate provisions Senator Dirksen had a while before pronounced to be absolutely essential, he opened his oration with words that would have embarrassed Joyce Kilmer: "The whole bosom of God's earth was ruptured by a man-made contrivance that we call a nuclear weapon." A couple of those, and who cares about what Dirksen said yesterday?

Add to this that Dirksen was a great Parliamentarian, to be sharply distinguished from a great leader, but not for that reason to be despised. He knew when movements were developing into *forces majeure,* and knew wars. And add, finally, his genius for accommodation to a when therefore to yield. Great resistances never issue from men like Dirksen, but then too, neither do civil variety of interests, at which he was the supreme mosaicist. Such men are very scarce, very valuable.

And then, 2), there was the theatrical Dirksen. I don't care, I liked it. Politics is so much a fraud, it ought to be entertaining, particularly in an affluent society. Listening to Dirksen was a pleasure, as listening to politicians goes. He sought to please, to cultivate the uses of rhetoric, and bombast, and color. He was as sincere in his cultivation of the art as he was in his related passion for his garden, to which he returned lovingly day after day, with the inescapable relief of someone who turns his attention to creatures easier to bribe.

From time to time I have indulged the fantasy of the hedonist's schedule—Columbus Day in Vermont, Washington's Birthday in Switzerland, nightfall at Kilimanjaro, that sort of thing. Always one staple has been: The Senate Gallery when Everett Dirksen delivers his annual testimonial to the marigold. Have you never heard him on the marigold? What a splendid tribute it would be if the Congress voted to remember this memorable man by

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voting into law the only proposal he truly cared for, winter and summer, season after constant season, secure from the statistician of the *Chicago Sun Times*: naming the marigold as the national flower. —WFB

(From: On the Right)

Drew Pearson, R I P

After a meeting of its stockholders, the chairman announced the dissolution of the National Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson, the Committee's purposes having devolved to a Higher (Lower?) Authority.

Notes & Asides

■ Mr. William F. Rickenbacker, our own Renaissance man, has issued a splendid record of piano music, performed by himself, on what he affectionately calls his "five grand grand." The record is a delight. On one *side* Schubert (Impromptus in E♭ major and G♭ major) and Chopin (Prelude G major, Ballade G minor, Waltz C♯ minor); and on the other side Rachmaninoff: Preludes in E♭ major, G major, D minor, G minor. Available at $4.95, including splendid program notes. Write to WFR Recordings, Box 1000, Briarcliff Manor, New York 10510, and throw away your cares.

■ Memo to: William F. Buckley
From: Patrick Maines

In an effort to demonstrate something to those timorous and unimaginative advertising execs who are *not* buying space in NATIONAL REVIEW, I have started my own company, a mail-order concern called Home Features, Inc. This good company's first national ad will appear in the September 23 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Good luck. —WFB

■ Dear Sirs: I am a NATIONAL REVIEW subscriber. I have noticed how frequently C. S. Lewis is mentioned in the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW, as well as in other writings of NATIONAL REVIEW contributors (e.g.: in Russell Kirk's *Enemies of the Permanent Things*).

I would be appreciative if you would print the following message to C. S. Lewis admirers.

I would like to explore what interest there may be in forming a New York C. S. Lewis Society. I invite all those living in or near New York City who are long-standing admirers of his books, or who, for any reason, cherish feelings of affection and gratitude toward his memory, to get in touch with me with a view to eventually meeting. I envisage the New York C. S. Lewis Society as an informal group devoted to discussion of his writings, thought, and personality, and perhaps in time to some special biographical and bibliographical joint projects.

Henry Noel
349 West 85th Street
New York, N.Y. 10024

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Oh I see now. It's to be a regular little gimmick each issue. First "Where's Ayn Rand" and now "Where's Timothy Leary?" Well that still does not answer my previous letter. I think it downright rude not to answer my letter. So I will ask once more. What prompted you to raise the question as to Ayn Rand's present whereabouts and why did you persist in making these derisive references to her? If your question was more than just rhetorical facetiousness you can find Ayn Rand each month writing in her publication, *The Objectivist*—the reading of which should bring you not only great enlightenment but pleasure as well.

Oakley K. Davidson
Clarendon Hills, Illinois

So that's where she is!
Where's The Objectivist?

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Your syntax is horrible.

Ron Kelly
Mattoon, Illinois

Dear Mr. Kelly: If you had my syntax, you'd be rich.
Cordially, WFB

■ Mrs. Helen Woodward died last week at age 87. Her husband was William Woodward, the historian and biographer who wrote from time to time in years gone by for NATIONAL REVIEW's predecessor, the *Freeman* of John Chamberlain, Henry Hazlitt and Forrest Davis. Mrs. Woodward gave encouragement to NATIONAL REVIEW in its infancy. She was herself a writer, experienced in women's journalism. More, she was a most accomplished friend. She entered into correspondence with the editor and the managing editor, never letting a week go by without sending in an encouraging note. Three years ago she went to a nursing home, clutching her typewriter to her side, and from there it was as before. She cared about standards, public and private, and she rejoiced like a child at any victory, any point scored, by the people on her side. Her personal gentleness was such that she never, ever incurred an ex-friend. But she so outlived them all that at her funeral, there were only two sisters and a half dozen of her old friends. The rest were all fellow residents at the nursing home: the very old and disabled, whose grief was as intense as that of her oldest and closest friends, such was her special, special way with people. **—WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

ON THE SOUTHERN FLANK

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

To the landsman's eye the Mediterranean Sea is the barrier that separates Europe from Africa. But the seaman understands the Mediterranean as the broad highway joining Europe to Africa's northern littoral. From the point of view of historical and strategic geography, the barrier is not the sea but the desert. The true Africa—the dark continent—lies south of the Sahara; the northern littoral is, in truth, the southern flank of Europe.

All the great commanders and statesmen have understood these truths. Rome could not think of consolidating its organization of Europe until it had defeated the contending power of Carthage, centered on what is now Tunisia. The Arabs struck Europe through the southern flank. Their original base in the Arabian peninsula was too meager to sustain the enveloping drive into the European heartland. But though they were pushed back from France to the Iberian peninsula, their control of the southern flank inhibited free passage over the sea and kept Europe pinched and dark for centuries. Long before Borodino or even Trafalgar, Napoleon's failure was sealed by Nelson at the mouth of the Nile. To conquer Western Europe, Hitler invaded Libya; and Eisenhower, to defend and rescue Europe, had to begin with that same southern shore. The geopolitical realities were the intense concern of Jacques Soustelle and the French officers who sought to uphold an *Algérie francaise*.

And Now the Captains

In the old days military coups were customarily carried out by generals. More lately it has been colonels. This time captains and lieutenants have been added—a fact the Greek colonels may perhaps be pondering. The Libyan officers have deposed King Idris, induced his son and heir, Hassan al-Rida, to renounce the succession and declare his support, and pronounced Libya an "Arab socialist republic."

The United Arab Republic was the first to recognize the junta. This priority is striking in the light of Egypt's current fiscal bind. Since the closing of the Suez Canal, the Egyptian economy has kept afloat thanks to heavy subsidies, totaling about $250 million annually, from the three oil monarchs: King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, Emir Abdulla Al-Salim Al-Sabah of Kuwait—and King Idris of Libya. Nasser would seem to be not only displaying gross ingratitude toward a benefactor (gratitude, though, is not a virtue in the Moslem code, all things coming solely by the will of Allah) but alarming his other two fiscal patrons, who must be wondering, "If Idris goes, can I be far behind?" The most plausible explanation is a close Egyptian involvement in the coup. The Baathist regimes of Syria and Iraq followed quickly on the recognition list, and immediately after, the Soviet Union and East Germany, the sequence symbolizing the political relation. Egypt's leadoff indicates that the junta's politics are Nasserite more than Baathist or Communist—though for not a few of the officers politics may have been subordinate to the juicy take from the oil concessions.

Though the precise political direction is not yet fixed, the coup is unquestionably a major setback for Western Europe and the United States. King Idris was friendly to the West and relatively conservative. The great Wheelus airbase, guarding the Mediterranean and all southern Europe, has functioned without trouble under his regime. His government has negotiated and honored mutually advantageous contracts with Western companies, mostly American, for development of the fabulous oil deposits beneath Libya's desert sands. Idris kept aloof from the anti-Israel jehad. A policy shift on all these points is sure to come in the months ahead. We will not get a renewal of the Wheelus agreement, and may be asked to get out before the current agreement ends. The captains probably won't risk losing the oil money, but they'll soon be demanding more of a cut. They will almost surely harden Libya's position against Israel. But whatever their specific actions in the near future, the coup means that a big section of the littoral, with the oil that is now Western Europe's main supply source, has shifted from control by a government friendly to the West to forces that are, if not actively hostile, at any rate unfriendly and linked in a variety of ways to the prime antagonist.

African Dominoes

Nor is it likely that infection from the Libyan coup can be quarantined. Tunisia, which has been following a sober policy under Habib Bourguiba, is now in an almost intolerable squeeze between the new Libya and revolutionary Algeria that will force it to turn toward Nasser and the East. Morocco, which has also been friendly to the West under King Hassan, will find itself the last precarious domino in the line.

Meanwhile a Soviet Mediterranean fleet has come into being and grows season by season. With ports already at its disposal in the eastern Mediterranean, the harbors all the way from Alexandria to Ceuta will now be opening their arms to Soviet ships.

A bare twenty years ago the entire southern Mediterranean coast was under the control of the Western powers or of pro-Western governments. There is now not a single North African harbor available to Western navies and only the one small land area of Wheelus, soon to be closed, available to Western troops.

Once again—and this time by a force whose ultimate base is far, far more ample in men and resources than the Arabian desert—Europe's southern flank is being turned. □

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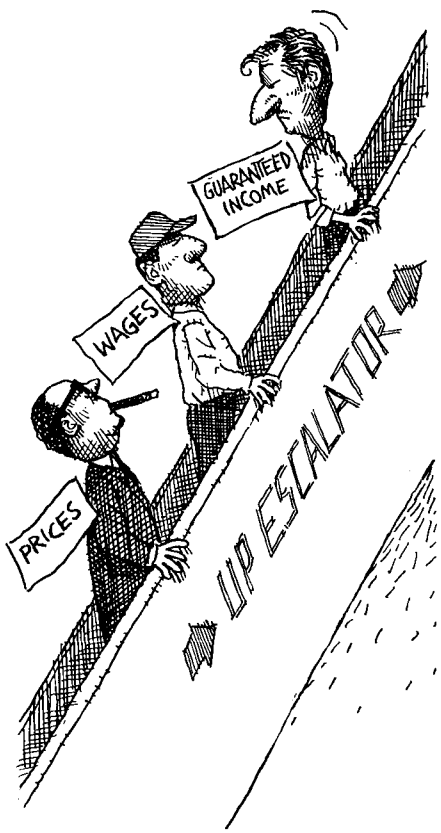
A guaranteed annual income sounds good. But what it would mean in terms of forcing up wage rates and speeding inflation is discussed by Mr. Estes. So the Romans discovered, says Mr. Pettibone

Why It's Wrong

JAMES E. ESTES

MANY UNIQUE PROPOSALS have been suggested as solutions to the problem of poverty in America, but none has more potential for disaster than the proposal for a guaranteed annual income. The concept of a guaranteed minimum decent level of income for all people in the United States is basically so simple and humane that it is difficult for anyone to challenge it. But for the sake of all the people of this country, rich and poor alike, it must be challenged. It is doubly important to do so now, when President Nixon has presented a welfare program to Congress, which, if enacted into law, would legitimize the concept.

Under the concept of the guaranteed annual income, each family in the United States would receive a certain minimum income, even though its work did not earn this amount in a year, or even though it might not work at all. There is no agreement among those proposing various forms of a guaranteed annual income as to what dollar amount would be the minimum, but proponents recognize that, whatever the figure, it would have to be adjusted to take into consideration such things as the size of the family and whether or not the family had rent or mortgage expenses. At one time the base figure of $3,000 a year was commonly heard, but inflation has now upped the figure to $3,500, the figure I will use in this discussion. This is the hypothetical amount, then, that a family would receive without being required to work for it. It would not make much sense to tax this family right back into poverty; so the $3,500 would be exempt from taxes, as welfare payments now are. The government would raise the money by taxing those who earn incomes above the minimum amount.



A minimum income of $3,500 a year can be translated into an hourly wage. If a person were to work at a full-time job, forty hours a week, for fifty weeks a year, at a rate of $1.75 an hour, he would earn exactly $3,500 a year. In addition to the unpleasant aspects of any job, there are almost always certain expenses involved in working that are not present for a person who is not working (transportation costs, higher food costs, suitable clothes and their upkeep, etc.). If the equivalent of $1.75 an hour were paid to a person who was not working, he would not incur any expenses in getting the money and would have all of his time free to spend as he chose.

At the present time under the minimum wage law, newly covered firms are required to pay $1.30 an hour. Some workers who are not covered by minimum wage legislation earn less than this. The highest minimum wage any firm is required by law to pay is $1.60 an hour. Most people would not work for $1.60 an hour or less if they could receive $1.75 an hour for not working.

If people were guaranteed an income of $1.75 an hour even when they did not work, it follows that when they worked they would have to be paid enough above this amount to make gainful employment more attractive than paid leisure. If a person is paid $1.75 an hour for not working, will he work for $2.50 an hour? This is only 75 cents an hour more than the leisure rate. It will take very high taxes on the working population to provide the money to finance the income for those who do not work, and there will be expenses involved in working. At $2.50 an hour the worker's take-home pay might be only fifty cents an hour more than he would get from not working. If the person wants badly enough what this additional fifty cents an hour will buy, he will work for it. But many people might rather have a tax-free $1.75 an hour and their leisure.

IT IS quite possible that since the satisfaction of their basic needs would be guaranteed by law, people would have to clear at least $1 an hour more for working than they could get for not working. With high taxes and their working expenses, this could mean that people might refuse to work for less than approximately $3 an hour. This would then be, in effect, the actual min-

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imum wage of the country. It would be the wage paid to the new worker on the least skilled jobs in the country. Workers who had been on the job longer would expect to make more money than the beginner.

WORKERS on more skilled jobs would demand higher wages for their skills. One of the inherent characteristics of the work force is that there must be a structure of jobs and wages—certain jobs deserve higher pay than others. This difference in wages reflects many factors, including differing levels of skill required to perform different jobs, differences in responsibility, working conditions, etc. Therefore, an increase in the effective minimum rate does much more than merely raise all wages that are below that level. It is not like a staircase in which all wages below a certain point merely step up the stairs to that point—it is more like an escalator in which all of the wages remain on the same steps they were on, and the structure itself is moved upward. Although this structure is usually compressed immediately after any increase in the lowest wage paid, it always reasserts itself before very much time has passed. This has been proven repeatedly with each increase in the minimum wage required by federal legislation since 1938.

If jobs currently paying $1.30 an hour or less were to be raised to approximately $3 an hour, this would be an increase of approximately $1.70 an hour. The dynamics of the structural nature of wage rates would force all other wages up the "escalator" by an approximately equal amount in order to maintain the requisite wage differentials. According to the Department of Labor, the average hourly wage in this country in April was $2.99 in the business segment of the economy (excluding jobs in government and agriculture, which normally pay lower wages). An increase of $1.70 an hour would mean that the average wage would go up from $2.99 to $4.69 an hour (a wage increase of almost 65 per cent).

While it might seem that with all these higher wages everyone would have a much higher standard of living, it does not work out that way. The only way in which the general standard of living can improve is when the amount of goods produced increases faster than the cost of producing them. In the case of the guaranteed annual income, everyone who still chose to work would merely be receiving a lot more money for doing his old job. As is true for all costs of business, this cost would have to be paid by the consumer in the form of higher prices. This would mean a disastrous increase in the level of inflation, and the purchasing power of $3,500 a year in today's prices would be substantially reduced.

Therefore, in order to maintain the socially desired minimum standard of living, it would be necessary to increase the level of the guaranteed annual income. Thus the cycle would start over with a new, higher "effective" minimum wage.

To obtain the money needed to supply this guaranteed annual income to the non-working segment of the population, it would be necessary to increase even more the substantial tax burden imposed on that segment of the population which does work. The greater consumption among the low-income groups (which is the object of the program) and the smaller proportion of workers to produce goods and services would further add to the inflationary forces, as more and more people compete for fewer and fewer products.

Given the progressive income tax structure in this country and the large middle class—there are relatively few wealthy families—the middle class would be hurt most by this program. Despite their new high rate of pay, as their take-home pay is reduced by higher and higher taxes, and the prices they pay for goods increased under the law of supply and demand, their standard of living will fall lower and lower. To protect themselves, they will have to demand even higher pay.

The need to raise the money for this program would also mean higher taxes paid by customers for products or serv-

Julius Caesar's Poverty Program

In spite of Rome's tremendous wealth, many of her citizens were so poor that their main economic goal was simply to get enough food. Gaius Gracchus tried to help these people—and increase his own popularity—by selling wheat in the capital city at half the regular market price. The grateful urban masses applauded him as the people's true friend, but those Romans who placed a high regard on self-reliance were shocked. Conservatives violently opposed this and other reforms of the Gracchi. Although Gaius paid for these innovations with his life, his death did not mean the death of his grain policy. When his enemies gained control of the government they did their best to undo most of his legislative program, but the masses had begun to think of cheap grain as a right. The conservatives considered it expedient to continue the wheat policy, rather than to cancel it and incur the risk of provoking a rebellion.

Subsequent administrations lowered the price of grain even more. People flocked to Rome to get their share of cheap wheat. Sulla, as dictator, tried to halt this wave of immigration by suspending the state grain distribution, but later politicians restored it.

Publius Clodius took this plan a step further. In an attempt to gain popular support for Julius Caesar in his struggle for power, Clodius started *giving* grain to a third of a million Roman citizens and providing free theatrical entertainment—chariot races, animal hunts, sham battles and gladiatorial contests—for the idle masses. Caesar himself continued this policy. "Bread and circus shows" says F. R. Cowell in his book *Everyday Life in Ancient Rome*, "were Caesar's demagogic methods of keeping Romans happy, perhaps temporarily, until he could work out long-term plans." Caesar may have intended the free-grain program to be temporary, but it was easier to establish it than to abolish it.

The result was that many subsistence-level farmers gave up the struggle of trying to earn their daily bread and moved to the city to take advantage of the dole. Not satisfied with free wheat, they started complaining that wine was too expensive. Augustus Caesar told them if they were thirsty they could use water from the new aqueducts the empire had provided. Later emperors, however, added wine, as well as salt, oil and pork, to the dole and substituted bread for grain so the poor wouldn't have to go to the trouble of having their free wheat ground and baked. Valen-

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tinian, in 367 A.D., went so far as to order that this bread be of the best quality, and several of the emperors supplemented the food dole with cash gifts.

Idleness became a way of life in the imperial city. Many people lost all motivation to work for a living. They considered a life of toil to be very unattractive when the government would feed them and provide them with free entertainment. "The lowest elements in Italy were attracted to Rome by the smell of money or the gift of corn," says Will Durant, who has written a colorful description of the way these people affected the nation's legislative body:

> Any man who would vote as paid was admitted to the rolls, whether citizen or not; sometimes only a minority of those who cast ballots were entitled to vote. The privilege of addressing the Assembly had on several occasions to be won by storming the rostrum and holding it by main force. Legislation came to be determined by the fluctuating superiority of rival gangs; those who voted the wrong way were, now and then, beaten to within an inch of their lives, after which their houses were set afire.

Rome's rulers had created a Frankenstein monster. A class of people had come into existence that was dependent upon the dole and was ready to overthrow any government that failed to provide it. Famines—caused by mismanagement of the free wheat supply—caused riots. The emperors realized that they needed to keep the grain supply routes open and the stomachs of the masses filled if they wanted to keep their thrones. The dole was expensive; the cost of maintaining it has been cited as one of the economic causes of Rome's decline, yet the nation's entire "economic and social structure would have cracked and split to its foundation had the food distributions ceased."

"The evils that resulted from this misdirected state charity can hardly be overstated," declares Philip Van Ness Myers. The masses were not only unwilling to work on their farms, they were also unwilling to fight for their country. They had become too soft for military life. Once Roman armies had been filled with strong, loyal, independent farmers who fought fiercely for their land; now the few farms left in Italy were worked by slaves. Rome had to turn to the provinces to recruit soldiers, but the subject people from these regions had no desire to fight for their imperial overlords. Consequently, the Roman army was plagued by desertions and deteriorating discipline; the nation's defense reached its nadir. Barbarian invaders found the empire surprisingly weak. "The dole," says Durant, "weakened the poor, luxury weakened the rich."

Historical analogy, anyone?

DENNIS LYNN PETTIBONE

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ices provided. Taxes of all kinds are part of the costs of doing business and, like all other costs, must be included in the prices charged to the customer. An increase in taxes will increase costs and be still another inflationary force.

Does this discussion imply that poverty results from laziness? That society should ignore the situation? The answer to both questions, of course, is no. A large number of the poor are poor for reasons at least partially, if not completely, beyond their control and for which society is at least partially, if not completely, to blame. Just as the blame rests on society, so does the responsibility for taking corrective action. But the fact which must be kept in mind is that any actions which society takes to correct the conditions that cause poverty must be realistic and practical if they are going to be effective and permanent. A guaranteed annual income is neither realistic nor practical.

Speaking in broad terms, it can be said that there are three things that keep people poor: lack of ability, lack of opportunity and lack of ambition. Any one of these will make it impossible for the poor man to escape from his prison of poverty. Because of past racial discrimination, our society is responsible for the inferior level of education that has hampered the economic advance of many Negroes, Indians and other minority peoples. Of much greater impact, however, has been job discrimination which has prevented qualified people from getting high-paying jobs. In this situation there's little motivation to take advantage of education or to develop ability: it is unrealistic to expect a great amount of ambition in such minority groups. It is to these people that society owes some action.

One must remember, however, that not all members of minority groups are poor. It should also be remembered that not all of the poor are members of minority groups. A very large number of the poor people in this country have had the same educational and employment opportunities available to them as have been available to anyone else. Among these poor are the people who simply do not have the ambition to prepare themselves for the workaday world. They do not make the effort to learn a trade which would open the way to well-paid jobs. Also in this group are those poor who will not work to hold a job once they have been hired. These are the lazy people, and there is no social justification for government's taking from the working members of society in order to provide these people with a guaranteed annual income. (We exclude of course from this category those who are prevented from working by physical disabilities or age.)

THE BEST WAY to fight poverty, simply, is to work. Society cannot eliminate poverty for people who refuse to help themselves. Any successful program to eliminate poverty permanently must be a joint effort by society and the individual who is poor. As a major approach to the problem, jobs must be made available which will pay wages that enable the worker to maintain a decent standard of living. If he does not have the training necessary to perform the job, opportunity must be made available for him to prepare himself. Society has recognized this need, and there are currently many programs at the federal, state and local levels to do exactly that. Vocational training should be expanded even more, and compulsory school attendance enforced so that future generations do not drift onto the welfare rolls.

Society's support should be limited to those who are truly unable to provide for themselves. When talking of "the government's money," it is easy to forget that what we are really talking about is the money which the government forcibly takes from the earnings of those who are working to provide for themselves and their families. Everything which is taxed away from a person who is working reduces the standard of living of his family. Society should make very certain that the people who are given this money are truly unable to earn it for themselves. Let's not kill the goose that has laid so many fine golden eggs. □

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Pressure for and against sex education mounts steadily. Popular arguments on both sides are surrealistic to say the least, says Mr. van den Haag. Neither side pays heed to the available evidence

Why Sex Education?

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

THE USUAL ARGUMENT against sex education—to ignore mutterings about Communist conspiracies to corrupt the country—urges that it is a) immoral to teach children about sex, and that b) to do so will lead children to behave immorally, i.e., to engage in undesirable sexual activity.

About a), the immorality of teaching about sex per se, apart from conduct, nothing factual can be proved one way or the other. It follows that the wishes of the community should be decisive: educators are no more expert on morality than anyone else. Schools, if they transmit moral values, must transmit those of the community, not those of the educators, whenever there is disagreement.

About b), the influence of sex education on children's behavior—which is a factual matter—I know of no *evidence* that shows their conduct is influenced, for better or for worse. In principle there need be no more effect than occurs when digestion is discussed in the classroom: there is no evidence that this, in itself, leads children to eat more, or better, or worse.

On the other hand, the teacher may combine such instruction with warnings against certain foods; or he may praise the miraculous effects of others. Perhaps this can be avoided. But if, in any community which looks askance on alcohol for minors, the teacher were to discuss the physical effects of alcohol so that it could be reasonably concluded that they are no worse for the young than for their elders, this may have some effect on conduct: doubtful and hesitant young people will feel reassured and encouraged to do what they might have been afraid of doing. Such an effect, although not altogether inherent in the subject, is hard to avoid in practice.

It might be hard, too, for the teacher, and bad educationally, to stop discussions as soon as moral questions arise. Yet how is the teacher to discuss these without making his own moral judgments?* However, to do so is to take sides and to suggest views and practices to the children which may be opposed by their parents, and which cannot be justified by science or law. For such matters are matters of opinion or doctrine, not fact or science.

That much for teachers who try to avoid moral indoctrination, a nearly impossible task. In the main, those who argue that the effect on children's conduct would be undesirable have in mind teachers who would try deliberately to influence the children's sexual conduct or who would do so by neglect. They might utilize the factual discussion to praise or to disparage certain conduct, though perhaps calling it "healthy" or "unhealthy," rather than admitting that they are articulating personal or ideological preferences disguised as advice on health. Yet, there is no evidence that one type of sexual conduct is healthier than another: lifelong abstinence—e.g. monks—seems as healthy as lifelong indulgence; monogamy as healthy as polygamy. Sexual conduct expresses, but hardly causes, psychic illness or health.

Preferences here are moral, and parents may be entitled not to have their children indoctrinated with moral views of which they disapprove—however much these may be disguised as views on health. And while there may be unanimity on health (or a governmental prerogative to over-ride parental preferences in the interest of the child), no unanimity exists or is seriously asserted with regard to morals (beyond the law). Opponents of sex education certainly have a reasonable point in drawing attention to such temptations: the products of our schools of education can hardly be trusted to stick to a purely factual or analytical presentation, even if that were possible. They themselves have been indoctrinated too much, and often along lines the community disapproves—mostly by clichés

* I know it is possible to analyze moral doctrines without siding with any. But not in grade or high school; nor do I feel high school teachers could do this. Finally, the effect—however unintended—of such a "neutral" discussion in the school context may be to weaken the effectiveness of all moral guides—and that effect is undesirable.

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which prevent the realization that there are serious moral issues, let alone thinking about them.

II: *Knowledge Isn't Power*

ARGUMENTS in favor of sex education actually imply some indoctrination, even though proponents deny it. But let that go. The non-moral weakness of this indoctrination is that it is unlikely to achieve the intended effects.

The major arguments offered for it are that sex education may lead students to be a) less promiscuous, or at least, b) have fewer illegitimate children by using contraceptives; perhaps also to be c) less often homosexual, or d) less anxious and guilt-ridden about sex, and e) more capable of "healthy" emotional and physical relationships. Note that concretely a) requires discouraging sexual relations while c) to e) might require encouraging sexual relations—if "health" is the criterion throughout. However, "health" will be hard to distinguish from the teacher's opinion.

a) People are not promiscuous because ignorant; wherefore knowledge will not affect promiscuity one way or another. The emotional and social sources of sexual conduct—promiscuous or otherwise—are not affected by any information which at best will be harmless and irrelevant. People are promiscuous, or at times kinky, when unloved, or unsure, or bored, or incapable of loving, or . . . Wherein would classroom information, however accurate, make them loved or capable of loving, or sure of themselves, or unbored, or unneurotic?

Scandinavia has had sex education for a long time and no reduction in promiscuity has been demonstrated. It may have increased. Spain has no sex education and apparently low promiscuity. Sex education is unlikely to reduce promiscuity in America.

b) Students seldom conceive because of ignorance of contraception. They may not have access to contraceptives; sex education would not provide it. More often students, particularly girls, do not plan to—and do not admit to themselves, and to others, that they might—engage in intercourse, although they may end up doing so. The emotional factors that lead girls both to do it and not to anticipate or admit to themselves that they might—and, therefore, not to prepare for intercourse—are not changed by information on contraceptives; nor by any cognitive knowledge or information the school might offer.

It is not that the patient does not know (or have) the medicine. The problem is that she does not take it. But can, or should, the school change the emotional-moral disposition of students in this respect? Should girls be told always to carry contraceptives? Should boys be encouraged to? Or always to make up their minds in good time? Would they follow such teaching? Would teachers succeed where lovers don't? At any rate, to influence girls along those lines is not information but indoctrination. Scandinavia has had sex education for a long time. The rates of illegitimacy have increased. The belief that sex education in schools will decrease illegitimacy in America is unwarranted.**

c) Scandinavia demonstrates that sex education does nothing to prevent homosexuality. Why should it? Does anybody believe that homosexuals prefer their own sex because they have not been taught about the other? or about social disapproval? Is it believable that Tommy Manville's sex life was what it was, or Mr. Allen Ginsberg's, because someone omitted to tell them about "healthy sex," or that the character of either would have been improved had they had courses in sex education?

d) Serious anxiety and guilt feelings do not arise from ignorance. They may produce it: they may block knowledge. Teaching in such a case would not be effective. Sexual disorientation in general has little to do with ignorance, and a great deal to do with emotions not affected by teaching or by any cognitive information that teaching might convey. Sex education therefore is not apt to help in these cases. Ignorance, irrationality, perversion or anxiety with regard to sex are effects of emotional disorders, not of lack of information; misinformation is not known to be a cause, though often an effect. Yet it is all teaching could be relevant to.

Sex education certainly does not reduce anxiety, perversion or guilt feelings in Scandinavia if we consider suicide rates or movies as indices.

e) Improved behavior with respect to sex, and "better" or "healthy" emotional attitudes, are not likely to be achieved by any deliberate teaching simply because emotionally "healthy" relationships have little to do with ignorance or information, and a lot with personality formation and emotions. The source of emotions is the character of the student as formed—notably through reactions to his family—in his early pre-school years. If it weren't so, professors and teachers—well-informed people who have been taught a lot—would usually be models of emotional health. Are they?

For sex educators, Freud has lived in vain. They imply that cognitive knowledge prevents, cures or determines impulses, emotions and personality formation. This idea, which goes back to the Platonic Socrates and was revived in the Enlightenment, is quite wrong, particularly in the form in which it has been accepted by so many educators: "If anything is wrong with people's conduct, more education will cure it." Does it? Education has increased. So has crime.

Why should teaching about sex make the course of true love (or sex) run smooth? It is reasonable to assume that physicians know more about sex than children would be taught. Is there any reason to believe that their sex life is better than that of lawyers or accountants? Can educators never learn that they teach subjects, not "the whole child" (fortunately)? If they only were to teach subjects well, they would do as much for "the whole child" as they can do. They cannot make people live better or worse by teaching them what is better or worse. Their own lives demonstrate no less. If at all, the school can influence emotions by the models of behavior it offers in teachers, and by the atmosphere that it produces. In that respect it has not done too well, and I can't see how sex education would improve the performance.

III: *Why Take All the Fun Out of It?*

IN SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS, the institutions regulating sexual relations—e.g. the family—and the whys and wherefores of these institutions might as well be a part of social studies as the institutions of the economy or of politics. I am discouraged though by the general level of social studies, as seen in textbooks, and by the incompetence of those teaching the subject. Mostly they offer, or permit, loose and vague headline-talk or clichés—on a sub-journal-

** Something may be said for education, and provision of contraceptives, and changes in the law, with regard to multiple mothers on welfare. Few high school girls are. Anyway, information is not the decisive ingredient in the welfare cases—the welfare law and the availability of contraceptives are decisive. If you pay people to a) remain poor and b) have children, you must expect them to do both.

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istic level. If we cannot do better, anything else—geography, straight history, straight economics—would be preferable to "social studies." I certainly would not want to introduce additional topics into an already shapeless and inchoate subject. But this is a practical objection based on the current state of affairs.

Again, if hygiene or anatomy is studied, there is no reason to leave out sex or sexual organs, any more than there is reason to leave out digestion or the stomach. But this is not at all what proponents mean by "sex education." No special courses and lectures, or specialists, would be involved and no more promise of "better" sexual conduct or emotions, than of better digestion. But sex educators insist on special courses, on specialists etc. and justify this by promising a more wholesome sex life.

To some extent all schools stand *in loco parentis*. A reasonable and well disposed teacher will certainly try to help a student who confides some sexual problem to him. But this, once more, does not involve "sex education." It involves friendly assistance in personal problems—not lectures, or professional consultations, or classroom discussions.

Sex educators often imply that without their efforts people might never find out. The evidence seems to be to the contrary. Nor is there any evidence that formal teaching would improve on the information available from various sources, or make it more accessible. With so much to learn that students will never be taught outside schools, one wonders why so many educators always wish to teach what can be so easily learned elsewhere. Why not instead more mathematics, history, poetry, economics? What precisely is the "right way" about sex that would have helped poor Portnoy if he only had had sex education? Or anyone else? Are the Italians and the French really condemned to permanent ignorance and unhappiness because of lack of sex education—as distinguished from the happy Danes, Swedes et al.?

Sex is one of the few things that—within the law—is still in the private domain. Shouldn't people be allowed to learn some things from experience with each other, without official schooling? Is there really a better way that educators must lecture about? Might it not be—contrary to expectations based on no more than wishful thinking—that if official sex is taught in school (Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* seems to have been prophetic after all) students will be compelled by what individuality they retain to use their ingenuity to invent or re-invent the "unhealthy" sex the educators want to stamp out—just to retain some area of activity not dominated by officially promulgated doctrines? Haven't we trivialized and made commonplace enough of what was once private experience? Must our private parts too become public?

The emphatic omission of sexual organs from the study of the human body has always seemed mistaken to me. But the emphatic study of these organs and activities—sex education—is surely no less mistaken. Sometimes I wonder whether our educators are trying to repeal the original Fall by an Act of Congress. Perhaps a course in how to fall wholesomely?

IV: *Bold New Challenges*

I KNOW only of two persuasive arguments for sex education as a formal enterprise. One is that federal money is available. A school board member who otherwise shared my skepticism asked me: "Why should we miss out on it? The money will not be available unless sex education is introduced." The pressure not to reject money is usually overwhelming.

But that federal money is available for an — at best — useless enterprise seems scandalous to me. Isn't there anything else of greater importance to be done with it? As long as it is available, the racket will go on. Certainly this form of bribery of local school boards ought to be stopped. It would be if Congress were to prohibit the use of federal money for that purpose.

The second argument in favor of sex education is that schools, in the past, have abundantly proven their ability to make any subject dull—however exciting it may be intrinsically. There is a good chance therefore that schools may succeed in making sex dull. People may become bored with it. After all, schools have fairly well succeeded with Shakespeare and social studies in that respect. If so, people may start avoiding sex as they avoid literature once they have been taught about it in school. I can see hope here for solving the world's population problems. □

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ARE THE BEATLES TERMITES?

The Great Rock Conspiracy

PHILLIP ABBOTT LUCE

"Somethin' is happenin' but you don't know what it is . . ." —Bob Dylan

ONE EASY WAY to get your kicks is reading the conspiracy-oriented press. This fragmented section of American political culture believes that the whole of the world's problems is the result of various deep, dark and dank conspiracies. At a certain point, the devil theorists on the extreme Right and the extreme Left find a consensus: power is exerted over mere mortals by some hidden, diabolical hand.

Accordingly, the Black Panthers rant that the evil of the world resides in white people, the SDS is content to blame technology and the military-industrial complex, the Arabs see the devil in the Zionists, the hard-core fundamentalists see the beast in the Papacy and some writers at *American Opinion* (an "informal review" of the John Birch Society) relate everything they dislike or don't understand to the thrust of the Illuminati (presently referred to as The INSIDERS). The Illuminati preside over The Conspiracy, and The Conspiracy extends even into record stores and radio stations.

It is hardly debatable that many people in this country do not understand or care for hard-rock music. They may accept rock once it is stolen, rewritten and performed by Lawrence Welk or the Tijuana Brass, but they will not accept the Rolling Stones or Steppenwolf. After all, would you want your daughter to marry a Rolling Stone? I will not argue with their right to refuse to listen or accept rock as a form of culture, or as an important thing in the life of American youth today. Ignore rock if you will, but please don't misunderstand it to the extent of viewing it as a conspiracy from hell.

For those people who don't listen to rock (or only listen to it on occasion in order to censor their children's listening habits) a recent footnote-laden article[1] by Gary Allen in the February 1969 issue of *American Opinion* is instructive in giving full vent to the conspiracy theory of rock. In the "Dear Reader" column by the managing editor we are told that Mr. Allen "this month analyzes the Communists' use of 'music' to propagandize our nation's youth." And, hot dog, here it all is for the reader to get next to: how The Conspiracy is working with the Communists, the Establishment and the rock groups to subvert our youth and make them unwilling agents of The Conspiracy.

Yes indeed, just turn on your radio and listen to the Beatles playing their recent hit "Back in the USSR" and you will realize how far the whole thing has gone. Mr. Allen writes that this latest Beatle ditty is "pretty crimson propaganda to be coming from Capitol Records. . . ." Of course, it is impossible to convince anyone wound up in the devil theory of history that the words in the song don't really laud the Communists or that the song is a total put-on. For anyone who does happen to follow the rock scene, "Back in the USSR" is an obvious and clever play on (and with) the Beach Boys and their numerous songs relating to California—the sun, the surf and the chicks.

Mr. Allen takes on the whole of the rock field and actually is prone not only to lump groups and people together but to subject his readers to a most confusing and often forced set of footnotes. For instance, he mentions the Jefferson Airplane and then footnotes his mention as follows: "The Jefferson Airplane takes you on a 'trip,' i.e., it simulates a drug experience." Yes, Mr. Allen is a real swinger.[2]

The whole of this article, entitled "That Music," clearly shows that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Suddenly "turned on" to the language of the younger generation, Mr. Allen now seems determined to find drug terminology in everything he stumbles into. He takes out after NATIONAL REVIEW (which he believes is not knowledgeable in the semantics of The Conspiracy) when he states:

> "Yellow Submarine" has been one of the Beatles' biggest hits and has been called by NATIONAL REVIEW a "beautiful children's song." Those who are a little more hip [the readers of *American Opinion*?] than the crew at *Buckley Review* know that in drug terminology a "yellow jacket" is a submarine-shaped barbiturate, seconal or "downer" (a "downer" submerges you).

Talk about being taken in—the next time you take a capsule note the submarine relationship.[3] The rest of this remarkable article by Mr. Allen is in the same vein.[4] Then once again, Mr. Allen turns his wrath on the "Billy-boppers" (his term) and attacks both the Beatles' recent hits, "Hey Jude" and "Revolution." According to the hip analysis of *American Opinion*, the song "Hey Jude" is "widely interpreted as being a song about methedrine." Methedrine is known as "speed" and accordingly "the song reaches a crescendo with great screaming as the drug produces a 'flash.'" Something like the "1812 Overture." "Hey Jude" may be "widely interpreted" as dealing with speed in a certain Belmont candy factory, but to most listeners the news will come as a surprise. In fact, most rock followers are laboring under the delusion that "Hey Jude" is addressed to Bob Dylan and his reluctance to take on public appearances since his motorcycle accident some years ago.

BUT now, we come to the crux of the Beatles' role in The Conspiracy, and a demonstration of how nearly everyone except the really "hip" have been conditioned to accept the lyrics as written. Mr. Allen takes on the song "Revolution" as if it personified the essence of the diabolic. Accordingly, we read that the "little ditty" entitled "Revolution" has been "widely misinterpreted."

All of the rest of us, including the "underground press" and official Soviet

(Continues on page 973)

1. Conspiracy theorists are, almost to a man, footnote freaks.

2. In one extensive footnote, Mr. Allen passes on the strange information that the Fifth Dimension's song, "Up, Up and Away" is a drug song. Add to this the fact that he also lists "Express to Your Head" (which is really entitled "Expressway to Your Heart") as a drug song and you get some real understanding of the article.

3. It is not explained what we are to do with those "seconal" pills that are red in color.

4. "Vein" is a term relating to the shooting of various drugs—like heroin—into the bloodstream.

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RUSSELL KIRK

ANTI-CULTURE AT PUBLIC EXPENSE

FROM THE ACADEMY

As Mr. Irving Kristol points out, what most rebellious students demand by way of university reform is not culture, but anti-culture. Real reform and reinvigoration of the higher learning are desperately needed in this land, Lord knows; yet (with some honorable exceptions) that is not at all the sort of change the intemperate student desires.

Finding genuine humane studies and pure science too rigorous for his undisciplined and uninquisitive intellect, the student rebel shrieks "Give Me Relevance!"—by which he means trivia and ephemera requiring no painful thought.

On many campuses, defenders of real culture are enfeebled. Not a few professors and administrators are themselves anti-cultural; many others supinely acquiesce in the clamor for a "relevance" signifying hostility to the works of the mind. In the present struggle over what a college or university should teach, one recalls the lines from Yeats:

The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

In every age, the majority of young people have felt no strong desire for attainment of high culture. Only in our time, however, have great masses of ineducable folk, positively hostile to culture, penetrated within the Academy. The extracurricular life of the campus possessing its attractions, nevertheless, and enrollment being a means for escaping the draft, and a college degree having become essential to social status and many forms of employment—why, this mass of "students" remaining undesirous of cultural attainment, anti-cultural boondoggles must be created to occupy their time.

Some of the boondoggles are harmless enough, and for people who like that sort of thing, that is the sort of thing they like. If a young person can abide only trivia and ephemera, and his parents concur in his taste—well, supposing that such "students" or their parents pay their own bills, at least four awkward post-adolescent and pre-employment years are filled for those to whom thought is unbearably painful.

Providing anti-culture at public expense, however, is something else. Even in this country, public funds for the higher learning are limited: what is appropriated for anti-culture must be deducted from culture. Worse still, students capable of something better are thrust or enticed into educational boondoggles, supported by public revenues, on the tacit principle that what the masses relish ought to be good enough for anybody.

CONSIDER THE PLIGHT of a kinswoman of mine, a good schoolteacher, required to obtain two credits in education this summer, that she may be officially certified as competent in a specialized discipline which she already has taught with distinction for several years. Of the hollow courses offered by the anti-cultural department of education at the university where she endures this summer servitude, the most promising is entitled "Creativity."

This course is taught (or monitored, rather) by the dullest dog in the department, into whose brain no creative impulse ever has entered. Mercifully, perhaps, the professor never lectures: he merely beams while the captive teacher-students in search of two credits lackadaisically discuss among themselves whatever vagrant notion may be offered by one of their number. The slim textbook, written by some obscure educationist, is calculated to make any decent student abjure creativity forevermore.

Oh, there are "workbooks," too, that the students are supposed to submit—the sort of thing they pasted together in the sixth grade. On most days, class is dismissed early, inspiration having flagged. A grade of A minus—at worst—is virtually automatic in this course.

More bluntly anti-cultural programs of study, stripped of the last stitch of moral imagination, are taking shape on other campuses. Michigan State has its course in "detective fiction," which does not have room enough for a third of the students who would like to enroll. Ohio State has its course in "drugstore literature," no less popular with Burke's swinish multitude.

Bowling Green State University, in Ohio, is the proudest pioneer—or sapper—in the demolition of culture and the erection of anti-culture in the shadow of the Ivory Tower. At that former normal school, there has been founded a Center for the Study of Popular Culture, with 35,000 recordings, twenty thousand books, a grand collection of underground newspapers and of posters, etc., etc. All this is supposed "to make education more meaningful to a mobile society." (No society ever was more mobile than that of the Huns.) The director of this Center sneers at the "solemnity" of traditional courses; he means that his charges shall study menus, cigar bands and baseball picture cards—really and truly. Soon, he hopes, the University will offer a bachelor's degree in popular culture.

Actually, Bowling Green is no more anti-cultural than a good many other former teachers' colleges converted into universities by act of legislature. Bowling Green State's general library, let it be said, is a distinctly superior collection, carefully if voraciously enlarged over the past quarter of a century.

BUT FOR SOME NOTION of students' interests at Bowling Green, walk through the university bookstore. That shop sells enormous stacks of girlie magazines and worse, though it is difficult to find any serious periodical. "Drugstore literature" is the literature of the Bowling Green undergraduate. And Pop Culture endowed by the state, rapidly devours the remains of civilization. □

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DELECTATIONS

'La Superba'

CHARLES FOLEY

GENOA: a city varied as life, where noise and peace, past and present, the metropolis and the village have agreed to coexist. A city of contrasts that sums up the whole of Italy within its confines.

Genoa dazzles. Crowds, heat and shrieking traffic tangle in the vast squares, with their stunningly grandiose "Verdi" architecture. Then, suddenly, you move into the cool gloom of narrow medieval lanes, where no cars come and the flow of people, the lilting Genoese voices soothe the nerves.

Opulent shopping arcades give way to tiny *botteghe*—jewelers, goldsmiths, gunsmiths. Glassy skyscrapers rear into the blue beside the twin towers of the Porta di Sant' Andrea, built to fend off Venetian and Saracen raiders. Everywhere, you are reminded that the Genoese Republic's wealth and prestige were once the envy of the world.

Time has brought to Italy's greatest seaport an extraordinary mixture of outside blood, making the Genoese Italy's most cosmopolitan people. They have been traders and seafarers since the start of history. The first settlers, the Ligurians, who were of pre-Indo-European stock (probably from Africa), traded with the Greeks and Etruscans. Carthage, then Rome, subdued them. Lombards, Saracens and other invaders followed.

But Genoa was not to be suppressed. By the fourteenth century the Republic stretched from Nice to La Spezia in the south. The shrewdness of its bankers and merchants was as famous as the daring of its navigators and explorers.

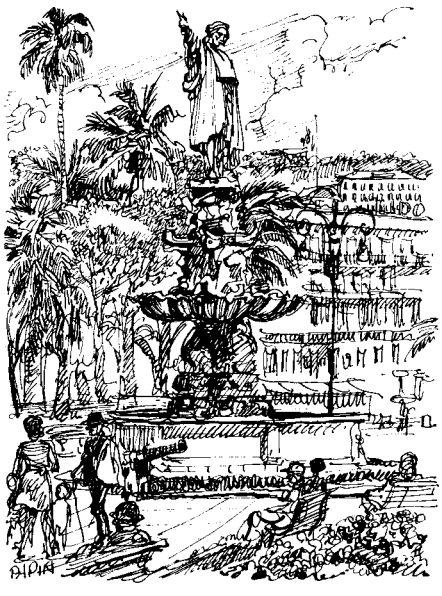
Genuensis ergo mercator, ran the tag: "I'm a Genoese, therefore I'm in business." But this was also the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, whose statue stands in Piazza Principe; and of Admiral Andrea Doria, the greatest admiral of his day.

Doria, a benevolent dictator who brought order to a city lacerated by warring factions, founded a noble line which still survives today in the person of Princess Orietta Doria-Pamphili, a tall, grey-haired lady of middle age who owns vast properties in Italy. But she is the last of the line. Her heirs are two English orphans, adopted by the Princess and her husband, a British naval commander. It is the kind of twist of fate that the Genoese can appreciate.

Genoa is at the heart of the Italian Riviera and makes a good jumping-off point for other famous spots on the tourist map. Rapallo, Santa Margherita, Nervi, San Remo are all within a short drive. But see the city first: it deserves some days.

Built on an amphitheater of hills, Genoa appears to open out like a seashell from the blue bay. One does not tire easily (mentally, at least) of walking in her streets.

From the cool heights, where the villas of the rich are interspersed with gardens and squares, you descend by steep cobbled lanes, the *caruggi*, toward the port. Everything is on



sale. In Via Pre, which runs through cliff-like tenements, contraband cigarettes, transistors, watches are set out on small tables that can be whisked away at a second's notice. Dazzling are the mounds of multicolored fruit, flowers and flesh. Not infrequently, to borrow Cocteau's phrase, the vendors are the merchandise.

Genoa's 800,000 citizens have all the zest of their Neapolitan neighbors, and they have far better manners. If you judge a people by their kindness to strangers, then the Genoese and indeed the Ligurians in general must come high on your list.

For example: unnoticed by me, the strap on my wristwatch snapped, and it fell in the street. A boy came running to return it. I left a shirt in the hotel. The manageress came panting after me, clutching it. I bemoaned my ignorance of Genoa: fortune introduced me to Dr. Giulio Tubino, amateur historian and archaeologist, who put aside a day to guide me around the city.

We walked through Via Garibaldi (once known as the Street of Kings) which is lined with thirteen palaces, all built after 1500. Elegance and unity of style remove it from this world into a ghostly past, where carriages and sedan chairs move by, beneath the stone balustrades and vast portals set in baroque facades.

Along the *caruggi* we reached the pretty little Piazza San Matteo, which gives a fascinating idea of pre-Renaissance Genoa. Around the black-and-white striped church, similarly striped houses, all belonging to the Doria family, occupy three sides of the square. Pigeons fluttered, boys kicked a football against the façade, mothers uttered shrill cries of warning or protest.

A FEW STEPS AWAY stands the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, magnificently austere, its walls seemingly caked in centuries of misery and splendor. In an aisle is a fifteen-inch shell from a British battleship. It came through the roof during a wartime bombardment but miraculously failed to explode. Small boys now enjoy patting its squat bulk. Genoa was badly hit in the war, and the opera house gutted.

The Genoese are sometimes accused by fellow Italians of indifference to art. The injustice of the charge should be finally refuted this month, when the city holds a unique exhibition of Genoese paintings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Behind it lies an unusual story.

At the end of the war, the 120 masterpieces which will make up the show at the Palazzo Bianco on Via Garibaldi

(Continues on page 973)

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Panorama of 1968

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

The Making of the President 1968
By Theodore H. White
Atheneum, $10

An American Melodrama
By Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson and Bruce Page
Viking, $10

Not long ago, dipping into Donald Earl's scholarly *The Age of Augustus*, I was struck anew by the huge gaps in our knowledge of that distant and momentous era. "Exactly what form the [political] arrangements of 19 and 18 B.C. took is difficult to determine," Dr. Earl observes with commendable caution. "Augustus makes no mention of them in the *Res Gestae*, but there is much of importance which that document omits."

Thanks to Theodore H. White, future specialists in the political history of the United States in the latter half of the twentieth century A.D. should have few such problems. Beginning with *The Making of the President 1960*, he has taken our Presidential elections as his special province, and—unless he can wrench himself free of a contractual commitment to Atheneum—he will preside over it at least through the quadrennial madness of 1976. With unbelievable energy and an omnivorous appetite for detail, he vacuums the pre-convention campaign of every serious contender every four years, and, for an encore, chronicles the grand climax in the election campaign itself. To say that these performances are *tours de force*, and that White's contemporaries, let alone posterity, are in his debt, is not merely an understatement; it is a cliché.

But historians will not have to rely on White alone, at least so far as 1968 is concerned. If imitation is indeed the sincerest form of flattery, Teddy White has cause to preen himself; for last year no less than three skilled British reporters from the "Insight" team of the *Sunday Times* undertook to do for Viking what White was committed to do for Atheneum. It is one measure of White's solo prowess that it is by no means clear they did it so well. Still, if you have a really inexhaustible appetite for the raw meat of politics, either of these hefty volumes will provide you with a gratifyingly high-protein meal. Taken together, they will tell you quite a bit more about the election of 1968 than you may have wanted to know.

With Johnson, Eugene McCarthy, Robert Kennedy, George McGovern and Hubert Humphrey all in contention for the Democratic nomination at one time or another; with Nixon, Reagan and Rockefeller vying for the Republican prize; and with George Wallace out there circling the campfires, White obviously had a major problem in deciding where to be at various crucial moments, and he seems to have resolved it, generally, in favor of his own emotional preferences. Three men, even if they are foreigners, can be in more places than one; and Messrs. Chester, Hodgson and Page made the most of that considerable advantage. But White is the *doyen* in this business, and it is plain that many doors swung wide for him that were securely barred to the Sassenachs—and, indeed, to almost all other journalists. Politicians, being at least as human as the rest of us, are naturally eager to unbelt when they suspect that Clio is standing by, pen in hand; and Teddy White seems to have convinced most of them that Clio is really himself in drag.

The result is a great feast of a book—a vast mural into which a consummate artist has squeezed many a brilliant portrait, many a gripping scene. White is not always accurate, and not even always fair; it is tempting to dwell on his errors, big and small. In the former category, for example, he simply misses the great story of Ronald Reagan's near-victorious bid for the Republican nomination—apparently because he was too busy padding around after his own doomed favorite, Nelson Rockefeller. In the latter, he cruelly (and wrongly) reports that Gaylord Parkinson resigned as Nixon's campaign manager because he had been caught leaking information to Reagan. (The truth—as the Britons state—is that Parky's wife was dying of cancer, and he wanted to spend her last months at her side.) And historians who confine their researches to White's book will labor under the laughably mistaken impression that Al Lowenstein—one of the hairiest, most muscular apes that ever came down the pike—was "frail."

Still, these nitpicks deserve to be dismissed as examples of what Stephen Potter once called "the 'for God's sake' branch of the 'After all' section of writership." In the grand sweep of White's story, they are as negligible as they are inevitable. In general, his emphases are right, his perceptions are true, his factual assertions withstand the test of close and critical inspection. Even his prejudices have their brighter side, for the worst of them—an almost paroxysmic adoration of the Kennedy family—provides valuable (if unintentional) insights. Of Robert Kennedy he rhapsodizes:

> The grabbing, pulling, screaming, ecstasy [of the crowds] made him feel alive. When he spoke, his hands were always moving, reaching, pleading, begging the people to come with him. In formal interviews or appearances on television, his voice might be controlled, but if one watched the hands, they were always writhing. . . .

There were many, and not only Republicans, who feared what might happen if those writhing hands were to close at last over the levers of ultimate power.

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In a lighter mood, White's pro-Kennedy bias leads him into pomposities truly comical. Writing of the days immediately preceding Bobby's announcement of his candidacy, he slides into a husky, March-of-Time present tense, and suddenly turns social reporter:

> Robert Kennedy is returning to Washington this Friday evening to make the final decision of his announcement—but he must be host this same evening at a party at Hickory Hill scheduled weeks before. The party holds a cross-section of Washington's beautiful people: James Whittaker the mountaineer, Art Buchwald the philosopher, Rowland Evans the columnist, George Stevens the moviemaker, and others.

(Verily, there were midgets in those days!)

WHITE'S PORTENTOUSNESS at last becomes so pervasive and overpowering that it must rank as the principal fault of an essentially successful book. Liberal reviewers, in general, have pouted that this volume is not the equal of its predecessors. What they really mean is that—deprived by history of the chance to gloat over a Kennedy's narrow victory or a Goldwater's dramatic defeat—White all too fairly describes the far less palatable triumph of a Richard Nixon. But his 1968 account, like its predecessors, does suffer from a sort of rhetorical triumphalism that is often hard to swallow. Consider: in the years from 1960 to 1967, the GOP nominated two men for the Presidency of the United States. One was Richard Nixon, who came within two-tenths of a per cent of the great prize itself. The other was Barry Goldwater, whose nomination turned the Party and ultimately (could we have but seen it) the country into new channels, under the control of a brand-new coalition. Who, then, was the dominant Republican figure of the era? Why, Nelson Rockefeller of course:

> As 1968 opened, to friends and enemies alike Rockefeller's intentions had been the great mystery of the Party's future. Rising high above all lesser figures on the national Republican scene, he was almost a force of nature, like a slumbering volcano, wreathed in clouds, occasionally emitting smoke which soothsayers attempted to interpret. Were he to explode again in 1968, the entire landscape of politics would change.

It is a positive relief to turn from such bombastic moonshine to the irreverent account of the same scene by the three Britishers. They do not understand American politics as well as Teddy White (though they understand it remarkably well). Quite forgivably, they miss certain subtle but important points that can perhaps only be grasped by one who truly loves America, as her citizens naturally do—as White clearly does. But they did have that advantage of sheer numbers, and repeatedly it tells in their favor. They know, because they watched Ronald Reagan with care (as White plainly did not), that he came within an ace of stopping Nixon's first-ballot nomination. Of that nomination, they correctly say: "In fact, it had been anything but effortless. Nor was it inevitable . . . Nixon's final majority was agonizingly—almost insultingly—small."

But, if they are often more right than White about such details (large and small), they are miles behind him in understanding the true significance and proportions of the social forces at work in contemporary America. The chief reason, quite simply, it is that they wear the blinders of the doctrinaire Left. Again and again, though by no means always or everywhere, these are in ludicrous evidence. The grand fact of American politics in 1968 (the British writers fondly suppose) was the near-unanimous desire of the American people to bug out of Vietnam. Their estimates of individuals keep the zany pace: not only is Goldwater "feather-brained" and Reagan "simplistic and indolent" (these assessments we might, gloomily, have expected), but William Scranton and Joseph Alsop are both briskly labeled "conservative," and *Soul on Ice* by Eldridge Cleaver (Presidential candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party) is flatly described as having "displayed a better appreciation of America's structural problems than anything said by any of the other candidates." One begins to understand the full horror of the authors' prefatory acknowledgement of their debt to I. F. Stone, "who is indispensable."

When all is said and done, one wonders whether even so vast and important an event as an American Presidential election is worth the time and talent that a writer like Theodore White quadrennially squanders on it. Occasionally, perhaps; but what will he do if—as is quite likely some day—a modern Benjamin Harrison is pitted against some latter-day Grover Cleveland? Is he fated to compose, forever, throbbing prose symphonies dedicated to a dreary succession of ambitious Kennedys? Here and there, in the current volume, as he meticulously sets the scene for the entrance of some toga-clad clayfoot, White almost casually displays a breathtaking insight into the nature of the crucial collision between the "old" and "new" cultures in contemporary America. What a book he could write about that! □

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The Divine Animal: An Exploration of Human Potentiality
By Roger W. Westcott
Funk & Wagnalls, $6.95
So Human an Animal
by René Dubos
Scribner, $6.95

THE NEW BUNCOMBE

GUY DAVENPORT

One fine day in the Seventies of the last century John Ruskin sat down in his red-wallpapered study at Brantwood to write one of the most curious and beautiful books in English. There are few people nowadays who have read it, and fewer still who might grasp its purpose. What the contentious Mr. Ruskin was up to was nothing less than rewriting the science of botany so that it could be taught intelligibly and decently to little girls. He had found in a botanical manual the boggling information that the seed of milkwort "dehisces loculicidally." Those words are English, and they mean "splits like a box." *Those* words are English, too, but somehow more English than *dehisces loculicidally*.

There is no reason why little girls learning botany should not have the more English English in their instruction—which brought Ruskin to his problem of decency, for if he made English English out of *orchid* he would come up with the word *testicle*, and that would never do. Hence his translation of botany into a clear and decent vocabulary. *Ovary*, for instance, became *treasury*. He wrote his book, using words like *leaf*, *root*, *stem*, *flower*, substituting *toothed* for *dentata*, *sword-like* for *xyphoid*. But all of this was very long ago.

Last week there appeared on my desk a book by Professor Roger W. Westcott, chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Drew University. In it I read that "agricultural man is alloplastically sessile." Like Ruskin with the loculicidal dehiscement, I rummaged around in the fund of Greek and Latin roots that literate folk keep in the hip-pockets of their memory and decided that this means that farmers live near their crops. Then I learned that all of us are overdistalized. I learned that there is a ban on glossogonic investigation in France, hot diggety dog. It rather fulfills one's suspicions to be told that Neanderthal Man was probably acromegalic, which condition further rendered him "psychologically irascible." This splendid observation can also be cast into the prim banality of the soft-spoken Sociologist, and Professor Westcott proceeds to do so: "Neanderthal Man responded poorly to crowding." What's worse, he was a gerontomorph. He got that way because he was born twins and placed a lactative strain on his Neanderthal mother. In appearance he was pongoid.

I have no doubt that these mad-scientist words are being used with the nicest accuracy, if only I could feel less insecure around them. I also like to think of words as useful, so that if I set them to memory and lay in wait for my chance, I can haul them out when occasion matures. "Look at the pongoid gerontomorph!" "I feel rather acromegalic this morning; it must have been the papaya juice."

BOOKS ARE WRITTEN by the literate for the literate. Some books. On the first page of Dr. Westcott's *The Divine Animal* we encounter: "The kingdom over which the anthropologist rules at ease is what, in the manner of Vernadsky or Chardin, we may call the psychosphere. . . ." Which Vernadsky? There are two very distinguished members of the Vernadsky family. Is George or Vladimir meant here, or yet some other of the *gens* Vernadsky? And Chardin? Surely that gentlest of painters would sooner have kissed his cow than gone around talking about psychospheres. One has the unbecoming suspicion that Dr. Westcott is alluding to the Jesuit whose last name was Teilhard de Chardin; first name, Pierre. A triple-barreled name, Professor.

This business of calling the eminent by their last names, a vice precious to librarians (whose brass extends to dropping the "O." from "O. Henry" and the "Mark" from "Mark Twain") and the literary editors of provincial newspapers, is not only ill-bred; it is a sure sign of opsimathy—that bold and treacherous familiarity of the half-learnéd with knowledge deeper than they imagine. Opsimathy—"late learning"—is not so much a matter of catching up with things after having been behind the times for years, as finding oneself with a new fact and not knowing what to do with it. Dr. Westcott's book is called "an exploration of human potentiality," and is filled with flying saucers, tidbits about languages and customs, orgone boxes, the intelligence of dolphins, such phrases as "Gerald Heard and other serious investigators of the occult" (rather like saying "Richard Nixon and other leading Cubist painters"), and the moons of Mars.

The moons of Mars are described in *Gulliver's Travels* "with considerable accuracy," and were not discovered until 187 years later, not by "a European telescope," but an American one. How Swift could know about the moons of Mars "has been a mystery for over a century." Well, it hasn't. In fact it is no mystery at all to anyone who has heard of the Royal Society, Sir Isaac Newton and Marjorie Nicolson; any one or all three. The dullest English professor at Drew U. can explain to Professor Westcott how the moons of Mars got into *Gulliver's Travels*; apparently exploring human potentiality does not include fraternizing with one's colleagues.

And so it goes: an entire compendium of fly-by-night facts passed on to us alternately in Professional Zulu ("ego involvement in such supra-familial movements as Lutheranism") and the nifty formulae of *Time* ("French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre"). One begins to suspect that Dr. Westcott's universe does not move outside the binding of his dictionary, for words have a strange reality for him. Magically he names things and people and they enter his universal glue. On page 313, for instance, the Russian physicist and rocket crank becomes a "cosmologist." The oldest man in the world couldn't figure out what a cosmologist might be. On page 253, the Reverend Timothy Leary, deserving of so many other names, is a "phychedelicist."

WHAT FUN IT MUST BE for the opsimath in a world as rich in pious hokum as ours. One day the dolphins are talking and another a new set of aggressions has been discovered in the Amazonian puff-fish. The source of life is in an enzyme on Monday and in solar wind on Tuesday. Atlantis is discovered on Wednesday and the Etruscan alphabet is proclaimed on Thursday. The opsimath in all his feverish delight was first described and given his name by Theophrastos (371-287 B.C.), the teacher of Menander, in his *Characters*, a satiric catalogue of human types. The word got into English in 1656 but remained an inkhorn term until Walter Pater revived it in his *Studies in the Renaissance* just when the Victorians institutionalized learning as one of the polite virtues. ("There are not ten men

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in Boston," said a retired merchant to Emerson, who had recommended Shakespeare as an author he ought to read, "there are not ten men in Boston who could have written those plays.")

But back to Dr. Westcott. On page 196 he quotes the famous opening sentence of *Du Contrat social* ("Man was born free and is everywhere in chains") and ascribes it to another book. On page 259, he seems to be quoting Clerk Maxwell, the physicist. "Clark" Maxwell, as Professor Westcott spells him, is quoted in Arthur Koestler's *The Act of Creation* (p. 258) as saying that his earliest memory was "lying on the grass, looking at the sun, and *wondering*." This Dr. Westcott transposes to the imperative and palms it off as advice from the great Scot: "Lie on the grass, look at the sun, and wonder!" Strange! And you go blind, too.

YET IN HIS OWN WAY Dr. Westcott is trying his best to make sense out of the new *richesse* of information which our century has accumulated and spilled forth like a tidal wave. He suspects that there are themes which can be isolated and politely commented upon. So does Dr. René Dubos, whose *So Human an Animal*, a book of the same kidney as Dr. Westcott's, came out earlier this year and has won a National Book Award. Both these calmly philosophizing compendia are in turn like Arthur Koestler's *The Ghost in the Machine*, yet another catch of facts and theories. Neither Dr. Westcott nor Dr. Dubos is quite as clear-eyed in his professional pipe-tamping as Mr. Koestler, who derives from an Alexandria of theories and solemn scientific truths that man as a species is mean as hell and thoroughly settled in his incurable hatred of his own kind. He therefore says that there's no hope for us until the scientists invent a Pill of Goodness which we can procure at the drugstore and pop down our throats. I've always read Mr. Koestler with interest and admire him as a very fine writer, and was appalled to find myself laughing in his face when I got to the end of *The Ghost in the Machine*.

I'm none too certain just what Dr. Westcott thinks is wrong with us or what we ought to do about it (I have a suspicion that he thinks most of us are still a trifle pongoid in the head and need a century or so more of *verba sesquipedalia* before we lose our boorishness), but Dr. Dubos has visions of sweetness and light, garden cities, and other improbable visions of the Republic. Dr. Dubos begins his book by praising the revolutionaries under their red flag storming administration buildings. It reminds him of a painting by Daumier. Thus assured of the cultivated company $6.95 has bought our way into, we are told that humanity is plunging to destruction.

Dr. Dubos builds his case for demonstrating that man has fouled his nest, though he makes no allusion to taxes and usury, nor does he jolt his innocence by contemplating the real estate agent, the banker, or the used-car dealer. Rascality, stupidity and depravity, the exclusively human botches and blights, he leaves to lesser moralists. He does mention, in one sentence, the automobile, the one single element that has turned the entire United States into a combination parking lot, race track, and gas chamber; that has moreover ruined the very concept of the city and the town, destroyed all silence and all peace, and made us into a pinheaded nation of morons sliding aimlessly and murderously around a maze of streets from adolescence to senility. He does not inquire into the buffoonery of politicians, the rascality of advertising and false labels on everything for sale, nor into the pathological rapacity of the people at large.

Dr. Dubos is rather interested in Environment, especially that of cities. I suppose I wouldn't get anywhere trying to convince Dr. Dubos that there hasn't been a city in the Western world for going on three hundred years. The thing we live in now has no name, is nothing more than a complex of factories and warehouses interspersed with slums and warrens, the government of which is shared among politicians, gangsters, and human wildcats who prey as they can.

Man, says Dr. Dubos, is locked within his nature and within his environment, but he "has a large reserve of potentialities that become expressed only when circumstances are favorable." I wonder seriously if, in order to be true to man, that shouldn't be changed to "only when circumstances

RANDOM NOTES

■ HOT NEWS: You can't keep a good man down—Scribner is offering, in six paperbound volumes, the six novels, with interludes, of Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* ($1.95 each); this fall educational TV will air the 26-part British video series based thereon. . . . Also being revived is George Bernard Shaw. Colin Wilson (*The Outsider*) has written *Bernard Shaw: A Reassessment* (Atheneum, $10) and Stanley Weintraub has pieced together various GBS writings to make *Shaw: An Autobiography* (Weybright & Talley, $10). . . . Edward C. Latham, curator of the Frost collection at Dartmouth, is editor of *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, definitive and all-inclusive (Holt, $8.95). . . . Robert Penn Warren has a long poem sequence, *Audubon: A Vision* (Random House, October, $4/$10 gift edition).

William L. Shirer's *The Collapse of the Third* [French] *Republic* is coming. Duck! (Simon & Schuster, November, $12.50); so is Robert Payne's latest big-biography, *The Life and Death of Mahatma Gandhi* (Dutton, October, $12.95). . . . Biggest of all is Edgar Johnson's *Sir Walter Scott: The Great Unknown* (Macmillan, 2 vols., $15). . . . Katherine Anne Porter's *Collected Essays and Occasional Writings*, covering the past fifty years, are together at last (Delacorte, October, $12.50). . . . *The Fifth Column* contains Hemingway's play of that title plus four short stories about the Spanish Civil War (Scribner, $4.95).

■ ART AND ARTISTS: John Canaday's *Lives of the Painters* is just out, all four volumes, 1,456 pages, 500 illustrations and 450 painters of it (Norton, $29.95 to December 31, $40 after). . . . Another table-breaker is *The Complete Work of Raphael*, with almost a thousand illustrations (Reynal, October, $39.95 to December 31, $45 after). . . . Hans Wingler has done *The Bauhaus*, a massive collection of pictures and documents (MIT Press, $42.50 to December 31, $55 after), which is supplemented by Eckhard Neumann's *Bauhaus and Bauhaus People*, 47 personal recollections (Van Nostrand, October, $10). . . . Medieval art continues to grow in popularity; comes now *Europe of the Invasions*, covering the third through ninth centuries, part of André Malraux' "Arts of Mankind" series (Braziller, $30). . . . *The Waters of November* is Howard Greenfeld's account of the 1966 Florence flood and the rescue and restoration work that followed (Follett, $12.95).

■ VIOLENCE: Ovid Demaris' *America the Violent* studies us from Colonial times down to the present (Cowles, October, $4.95); Demaris has also done *Captive City*, about the workings of the Mafia in Chicago (Lyle Stuart, $6.95). . . . Thomas Rose is the editor of *Violence in America: A Historical and Contemporary Reader* (Random House, November, $5.95/$1.95 paperback). . . . And William J. Kellmer tells the story of the Thompson submachine gun in *The Gun that Made the Twenties Roar* (Macmillan, October, $7.95).

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are unfavorable"? The view of man which the scientists have recently been building, blandly apprising us of our animality, our primitiveness, and our passivity before the cyclone-wind of environment, is a dry and stingy way of looking at man. These chatty and cool books by scientists are mysteriously ignorant and unnervingly disconnected from emotion. They are flat, meatless, antiseptic.

History seems not to have touched these minds, nor human suffering, nor any crisis in which man has held by his nails to what he loves. Dr. Dubos makes some fashionable lip service to the emotions. He says that it is commendable that Henry Miller "brings aesthetic eroticism into literature" and that Norman O. Brown "advocates the resurrection of the body" and that these donations to human thought constitute a blow for "relevant irrationality." A mind that flat deserves to believe that all that's wrong with the world today is that "our political and social mechanisms are outdated."

At least these contourless minds keep to their own business and for the most part keep away from describing life in its grand moments. Imagine Dr. Westcott trying to explain Mozart or Picasso to a batch of sophomores. Imagine Dr. Dubos trying to assess the importance of that awful day when the Goths, having burnt the emperor of Rome and slaughtered two-thirds of his army, arrived at the walls of Constantinople, and stopped in a wonderment that no one can any longer understand, for there was nothing at all in their knowledge that could have prepared them for such a sight. There were thousands and thousands of them, stretching as far away as the eye could see from the walls of Constantinople. Then they set their bowstrings on their bows and prepared to light their torches. □

The Hungry Future
By René Dumont and Bernard Rosier
Praeger, $6.95

CONFUSED SAVONAROLAS OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT

ELSIE BOWN MEYER

The French agronomists René Dumont and Bernard Rosier find the entire Third World faces famine by 1980, unless the rates of population growth and food production can be swiftly brought into balance. In Africa and Latin America there is underpopulation in terms of the vast areas for development, but overpopulation in terms of agricultural productivity. In the Third World as a whole, according to studies made by Paul Bairoch, "between 1924-6 and 1960-4, agricultural productivity fell by about 20 per cent"; famine conditions already exist in India and parts of Southeast Asia, and for all of Southeast Asia, for the Caribbean and North Africa, birth control is an immediate priority to stave off approaching famine.

In their worldwide examination of agricultural productivity, the two professors find universal failure in the socialist sector. "The USSR has not fulfilled a single one of its agricultural plans since 1929." Since 1963 the Soviet Union has had to import large quantities of cereal and the "near-stagnation in a sixth of the world, over a period of at least eight years [1958-66] cannot be explained by climactic hazards." Only "liberalization," say the authors, if and when it lasts, has or can reverse the drop in food production in all of Eastern Europe as the peasants passively resist collectivization.

THE FIELD IS WASTED, THE LAND MOURNETH: FOR THE CORN IS WASTED: THE NEW WINE IS DRIED UP, THE OIL LANGUISHED... BECAUSE THE HARVEST OF THE FIELD IS PERISHED... ALL THE TREES OF THE FIELD ARE WITHERED... JOEL 1:10-12

In China, which has been importing grain since 1960, "peasant hostility goes a long way towards explaining the very low productivity of the enormous land improvements." The food situation in North Vietnam "has been deteriorating year by year since 1960." North Korea, with vast power and mineral resources and already industrialized to some extent by Japan, "leads the socialist bloc," but agricultural progress has been slowing down since 1961 and population growth is nearly 3 per cent a year. Cuba experienced a dramatic drop of 50 per cent in the productivity of the working day, beginning in 1961, and under Algeria's "socialism" production on the self-managed farms, abandoned by the French settlers, "was in 1963 about one-third below the level of 1959."

By contrast, the capitalist countries have enormous agricultural surpluses and the potential for a still greater increase. Beside the obvious examples of North America and Western Europe, Japanese agricultural production "probably increased by 90 per cent between 1938 and 1962," and in Malaysia, Thailand, Taiwan and South Korea food production has run ahead of population growth.

The demonstration has been made by the authors, rather conclusively, one would think, that productivity in agriculture as well as in industry is vastly superior under a capitalist economic system. Yet they, deserting Cartesian logic, conclude that abundant, productive capitalism is *morally* evil. Governments must act, they assert, "to prevent a capitalist evolution similar to Japan's where a small elite has become very rich and the backward peasant mass is supporting the entire weight of development." (This of prosperous Japan with its bustling modern economy and developed agriculture.) They caution the Ivory Coast, the fastest developing of the new African nations, about going the way of Japan. Wealth, they aver, "in an environment of increasing waste and luxury is regarded as a matter for pride, though it is mainly the result of the work of our ancestors and of the people of the underdeveloped world." Wealth—abundance, goods—one had assumed was their goal for all, certainly a matter for pride, and by

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definition and their own demonstration, just what the underdeveloped world has not created. The political and sociological fallacies in these statements parallel the economic ones.

Professors Dumont and Rosier are Savonarolas preaching the gospel of the Third World for the salvation of its peasantry. Armageddon, they proclaim, is approaching, when the poor of the Third World, facing famine or decimated by it, will rise in their wrath and, led by a nuclear-armed China, fall upon their "oppressors," the rich nations. Despite their mentor, Frantz Fanon, the truly "wretched of the earth" do not have the capacity for revolution; revolutionaries, those already on the move forward, are the heedless, impatient ones, who smash the vehicle of progress because it is not going fast enough to suit them. Be that as it may, what will save the world, in their opinion, from the lurid fate in store for it?

THE AUTHORS PROPOSE a monstrous world bureaucracy, modeled on the planned societies of the Soviet Union, China and Cuba, without their "defects." Shorn of these "defects" (overcentralization, rigidity, dogmatism, tyranny), a World Economic Development Organization would combine "capitalist production," using the traditional laws of a market economy, with "socialist distribution." They do not explain how the pipeline would stay filled for "socialist distribution" when the incentive that leads to capitalist productivity is removed, nor how the traditional laws could operate, nor can they point to any "socialist distribution" anywhere that has distributed wealth as widely and broken down social barriers as effectively as has capitalism. Above all, they offer no demonstration of how to avoid what they euphemistically call the "defects" of planned economies, more bluntly put as totalitarianism.

The proposed world authority would initially derive its funds from a progressive world solidarity tax; once the swords were beaten to ploughshares, military and space expenditures would swell the total; eventually, a massive transfer of funds would be effected from the rich to the poor nations. The distribution of resources would be based first on need, then on potential. An international management committee would have equal numbers of donor and beneficiary nations represented, and arbitration of conflicts would be undertaken by "experts of international standing." Admittedly, "interventionist policies" would be necessary to enforce compliance with the World Plan, and the need for this political muscle would naturally lead to a world government with appropriate, unchallengeable powers. Not surprisingly, the "common good" alone would motivate the all-powerful experts of this dystopia.

In reality, the least little African nation would resist such dictation, not to mention the harsh Marxists of the Communist nations—unless, of course, they dominated the "international management committee." And there's the rub. The bemused "capitalist sector," full of self-reproach, schemes of "reparation" and irresponsible self-doubt, could conceivably enmesh itself and humanity in such a nightmare. □

The Ungentlemanly Art
By Stephen Hess and Milton Kaplan
Macmillan, $14.95

THE MIGHTY JAB OF THE CARTOON

C. D. BATCHELOR

The Ungentlemanly Art is a fine record of the political cartoon, and one must praise the industry and research of the authors, who have started with the early work of the picture designed to influence public opinion in the English-speaking world. It is a record of war and peace, great deeds and shameful, man's misdemeanors and his hours of glory and fame. The "ungentlemanly" art must, alas, and does give the record of ungentlemanly men, and so it is feared by base exploiters of mankind and the grafters and shysters and false shepherds in what we sometimes call the Free World.

We of this art are proud of much of our performance. And Messrs. Hess and Kaplan have reason to feel pride in their work—beautifully printed and withal a book that should eventually find its way into a paperback available as a classroom textbook. The history so ably gathered here should have a wider audience through a less expensive edition. The only book of like quality on related material of our time is Thomas Craven's fine volume called *Cartoon Cavalcade*, but it deals wholly with the humorous cartoon. With these two books on your shelf you cannot fail to be somewhat historically informed as well as delighted.

The Ungentlemanly Art takes the reader back to the early British cartoonists, when reproduction of drawings was in its infancy. Messrs. Hess and Kaplan have shown both industry and taste, although I would have wished a few of the bawdier ones were represented. Ungentlemanly they were, but lovely, and often they were the preachers of the time. Reaching into the periods of the American Revolution and the Civil War, the authors have given a fine presentation of these eras, when cartoons were, indeed, most uncivil. As reproduction improved with the woodcut, the art of the cartoon became more effective, particularly in the postwar woodcuts by Nast (though the woodcut reached its zenith in the work of Timothy Cole). Thomas Nast, as every schoolboy knows, was the prime cartoonist of his time, and only a few have approached his impact. Deservedly, he is given full treatment by the authors.

BUT MESSRS. Hess and Kaplan have made a number of judgments which I must question. Raemaker, for example, that most distinguished and committed cartoonist of World War I, was known to the entire English-speaking world, and his influence was so feared by the Kaiser that he put a substantial price on his head. He was easily the greatest cartoonist of that great conflict, and to reproduce only one of his cartoons seems to me to be a slight. David Low is another who has not been given his due. He was easily the most influential cartoonist of the Second World War, yet he too is accorded but one reproduction. In contrast, extensive space is given to Herblock (ten reproductions) and Mauldin (eight). This recognition, in my view, reflects an unwarranted and unhistorical prejudice.

In their "now let us look at today" section, the authors name a number of cartoonists who they feel will leave their mark on history. Is it the leanings of the authors that have prompted their selection for the most part of liberals, or is it that their objectivity has been blurred by that curse against budding talent—syndication? Since the press is overloaded with syndication and the majority of today's editors are liberals, does it not naturally follow that the liberal cartoonist gets the greatest exposure to readership? The fact is that many papers well able to afford a cartoonist of their own give a high spot to syndication on their editorial page, even though a local issue might be more important. →

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What is even more regrettable, syndication stultifies the development of new and local talent. In the mid-Connecticut area in which I live, what I consider one of the finest papers in the country uses a syndicated cartoon. I refer to the *New Haven Register*, fearlessly, strongly conservative. In contrast, our local weekly, the *Deep River New Era*, does use a local cartoonist on its editorial page. This adds up to a situation in which men who are doing important work in the field of political cartooning are at present as scarce as the Whooping Crane. And yet the country has crying need of them.

In any case, it is good to see such a fine publication as this book from Macmillan. By contrast, Random House recently published a collection of political cartoons via the Foreign Policy Association, many of which were so badly printed as to be almost illegible. Every political cartoonist, of course, has a special hope for publication of his work in book form—in hard cover, which assures a greater chance of permanence. Newsprint leads a tender life. □

FILM CHRONICLE

CONSUMER'S RETORT

RICHARD CORLISS

As movie critics become more and more a self-consciously idiosyncratic lot (apart from a few industry-planted spies whose reviews read like publicity handouts), movie companies have discovered that today's critics can't be trusted, the way Bosley Crowther always could, to dub every movie investment over $5 million "the film equivalent to the Sistine Chapel," and infrequent moviegoers have found film critics to be as untrustworthy as the pictures they review. Thus, the critical box scores on recent films read like the ABM Senate roll-call. When a picture does manage to muster a clear majority, though, its defects shimmer more glaringly than ever to those of us on the back bench. The following fingernail graphs of overpraised or unsung films are offered in the helpful spirit of confusing your movie consumer guide further—a token for the subway of your movie sensibility.

True Grit has been praised, by people who don't like, or even go to, John Wayne movies, as the best John Wayne movie. Rex Reed, the barfly-turned-gadfly critic whose understanding of cowboys extends only to the Lonesome or Midnight varieties, cited *Grit* as "the first film that uses John Wayne intelligently." But Western buffs have long liked the Duke for the sullen, unpredictable, real-West presence he brings to otherwise phony-West sagas. And film historians, politically liberal devotees of conservative Hollywood's most conservative genre, have admired Wayne's movie *persona*, the perfect expression of the moral strength in John Ford's great Westerns (*Stagecoach*, *The Searchers*, *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*) and the relaxed assurance of Howard Hawks' best (*Red River*, *Rio Bravo*, *El Dorado*). Historians find Wayne's career crucial in helping change the real subject matter of the Western from the Old West, whose legendary personalities were true-life heroes like Wyatt Earp, Kit Carson and Jesse James, to the Old Western, whose legendary *personae* are longtime stars like James Stewart, Henry Fonda and Wayne. Rather than portraying a sheriff or itinerant gunman, Wayne & Co. play and comment upon themselves as icons of the genre. In the past twenty years, directors Ford, Hawks, Budd Boetticher, Anthony Mann and Jacques Tourneur have developed the Western from a documentary form to an art form, and John Wayne has been the prime on-screen repository of the evolution.

As one of the last active superstars (Cooper, Gable, Bogart are dead; Cagney, Grant, Robinson have retired; only Wayne, Stewart, Fonda remain), Big John has defined and refined his *persona* in so many films that the question "Can he act?" is irrelevant and insulting. Sad to say, Wayne and director Henry Hathaway evidently saw *True Grit* as a challenge to his acting ability: Wayne, in the role of Rooster Cogburn, was supposed to "mean," not to "be." There are moments in *True Grit* when Wayne resolves this dilemma by "being mean," but for awfully long stretches he tries to desert his own movie character for a pompous, garrulous, immediately tiresome "character" who tries so hard to be colorful that he forfeits our admiration and attention. There was never a waste motion to Big John's movements or speech—he was almost a Fred Astaire of the West—but his Rooster, as cocky and grating as his namesake, is a lexicon of superfluous actions and gesture. Where Wayne's "acting" is concerned, more is less.

The Duke as a Rooster is clearly ill-at-ease, and this hardly helps the confidence of either the spectator or Kim Darby and Glen Campbell, the two movie novices who share star billing. Director Hathaway, notorious for his lax (as opposed to Hawks' relaxed) film pacing, makes us all even more awkward by his addiction to establishing and reaction shots of interminable length, and the resulting lack of tension in his scenes. The whole thing is a puffed-up bore, in fact, until Wayne stops daydreaming about Oscar Night 1970 and charges four armed men with only a broken-down pony under him and a gun in each hand. Rooster is forgotten, Big John comes to the rescue, and the movie comes alive. Although one's emotions remain untouched, the last half-hour is truly entertaining in a raucous sort of way—with that absurd charge, Duke trapped under a dead pony, Glen Campbell's head split by a rock, and Kim Darby thrown down into a rattlesnake hole, it couldn't help but be diverting—so you might catch that part of it when *True Grit* turns up on TV in 1973.

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A couple of recent teen-age motorcycle movies have escaped the opprobrium they deserve because they're of a badness new to reviewers who don't watch student films, those intense, nonlinear, Scopitone statements of aleatory alienation. *Easy Rider* especially strains for a mumble-it-like-it-is authenticity in its film-ballad of two inarticulate, unfeeling potheads cycling across the Southwest. After a few hours of pretty, visual accompaniment to some pleasant rock-and-roll (unremarkably photographed by the mythical Laszlo Kovacs, of *Breathless* fame), you'll be begging for some plot or a hokey Hollywood character . . . and up pops Jack Nicholson as a wide-eyed ingratiating member of the alcohol generation. For twenty brief, shining minutes Nicholson makes *Easy Rider* warm and human; when he's killed off, the movie dies with him. Because Dennis Hopper, who acts hysterical in other movies (*True Grit*, for example), plays his role and directs his film as if on a perpetual bummer, both straight people and heads should agree that *Easy Rider* is a stone cold drag.

Alice's Restaurant, Arthur Penn's psychedelicatessen of film techniques, is more ambitious, proficient and thus disappointing. After three tilts at Freudian biographies (*The Left-Handed Gun*, *The Miracle Worker*, *Bonnie and Clyde*), Penn finally realized a subconscious ambition to direct one of his biographical subjects: song-writer, lifestylist and scion of the Folk ambiance, Arlo Guthrie. (Now, imagine Penn directing the *real* Billy the Kid instead of Paul Newman, or Helen Keller instead of Patty Duke, or Clyde Barrow instead of Warren Beatty!) Well, folk, it's an ignoble failure. "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree," Arlo's talking blues about his encounter with unsympathetic draft and parole boards, was successful largely because of a remarkable comic ability that combined the amiable perspicacity of early Andy Griffith with the precise delivery of Bill Cosby. This relaxed control is surprisingly close to the Hawks gestalt (what a combustible combination those two would have made!), but it's completely at variance with the often aimless violence of Penn's films, the most memorable of which feature diningroom wrestling matches, roadside blood ballets and kinky kissing scenes. There was little Actors Studio tension in Arlo's account of the Massacree, so Penn added some: a depressive Alice, her manic husband, a relapsing junkie and, most pathetic and tasteless of all, Arlo's father, the legendary Woody Guthrie, atrophying of Huntington's chorea.

It's little wonder that Arlo, whose pinched, unheroic face reminds one of pop idols Phil Spector and Bob Dylan, wanders around uneasily amid all these plots and actorsy types. True, the section of the film that follows the original is charming and funny; there is a fine, spontaneous moment of honest feeling when Pete Seeger and Arlo duet on Woody's "Car Song"; and the film ends with a breathtakingly fluid shot that will bring tears to the eyes of Ophulsians everywhere, and almost gives some meaning to the film as a kind of lament for the dissipation of Flower Power. But the picture's real, lasting image is that of an exhausted and exploited Arlo Guthrie lying in a Bonnie-and-Clyde heap beneath the wheels of Arthur Penn's moving camera and the heels of his neurotic sensibility.

HAVING BLOWN most of my space on Films to Avoid, I've talked myself into a tiny corner, like Walter Cronkite spending 29 minutes on carnage and corruption only to lack the time to report the day's beautiful weather. The fact that I haven't written disquisitions on the remaining beauties doesn't mean they're not worth your respect.

Catching *Devil by the Tail*, a lovely French comedy by Philippe DeBroca, may be as difficult for most moviegoers as, well, catching a devil by the tail. The proliferation of European-directed English-language films may simply have inured viewers to reading subtitles on the few foreign-language pictures left. But English, precision instrument that it is, could hardly capture the grace and good humor displayed by Yves Montand, Marthe Keller and a handsome cast. It's an almost impossible film feat to put pieces of action and dialogue together so that it looks as if you've wandered into a 90-minute party filled with witty, dear people. DeBroca could so often trip into a sea of saccharine but, like a wedding-cake Nijinsky, he pirouettes delightfully and lands perfectly on cloven feet.

The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom and *Support Your Local Sheriff* share with *Devil by the Tail* an intelligent script, likable characters and stylistic gentility. The former is a British romantic comedy with Shirley MacLaine as a two-guy gal who loves 'em both. Shirley's middle-aged elf plays nicely off James Booth's goony troll, and Joe McGrath has directed some of the most gorgeous taffy-dream sequences since *Le Bonheur* (which was one long taffy-dream sequence). *Support Your Local Sheriff* throws James Garner's old Maverick into a mean old Western town where everyone is endearing, and writer William Bowers and director Burt Kennedy have turned it into one of the easiest-to-take team efforts of the year.

Finally, for the cultists looking for a sleeper no critic has even yawned about, I recommend R. L. Frost's *Hot Spur*, a putative sexploitation that is actually a taut, well-photographed and acted Revenge Western. By the end of the last shoot-out *à la* Heinz, the audience forgets it came to see naked girls (of which there are a few) and becomes involved with this shoestring Orestes, played with monomanic force by James Arena. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

AN INTRODUCTION TO RISK AND RETURN FROM COMMON STOCKS, *by Richard A. Brealey (MIT, $5.95)*. Admittedly, this book happens to be in that specific field in which, one of these days, God and Academia willing, I will receive my Ph.D. Admittedly, also, a price of almost six dollars is more than a bit steep for a volume of barely 150 pages. But once having started to read it, I quite honestly could not put it down until I finished it at 2 A.M. Not only can Mr. Brealey write an English sentence (one of the benefits of an Oxford education), not only is he acquainted with the academic literature in the field of common stock investment (including much which is yet unpublished), but he also has ten years' practical experience in the field. That I disagree with him on one or two points of interpretation is irrelevant for the present: this book ought to be in the hands of every graduate and advanced undergraduate student in Finance in our Schools of Business, as well as in the hands of those professional investors who want to find out—in plain English, with a minimum of statistical technique—what kind of research is going on in these Schools of Business.

J. C. LOBDELL

MY RHODESIA, *By Frances Strauss (Gambit, $5.95)*. A remarkably silly book by a rattle-brained American do-gooder. "My" Rhodesia would seem to indicate Mrs. Strauss was a long-time resident. She was in Rhodesia eighteen months, dating from the spring of 1961, while her husband was on assignment there with the United States Government, and arrived with the standard ideological baggage (one man,

(Continues on page 973)

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Solution To Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[J. STROM] THURMOND:
[THE] FAITH WE HAVE NOT KEPT

When we exchange freedom for personal security we deny the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. We must return to the vision of the founding fathers or our children will suffer because of the faith we have not kept.

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FOLEY
(cont. from p. 963)

were dispersed in countries around the globe. The United States, Britain and Switzerland had most of them. But when, recently, the city fathers decided on the exhibition they did not need to beg and borrow from foreign galleries. The paintings were almost all back in their native city.

A group of art-lovers, businessmen and industrialists, bent on restoring war-ravaged Genoa to its former glory, have brought the works home over the past two decades. They got together with Italian dealers to buy up the paintings wherever they could, and found several rich hauls in postwar Britain, where austerity and super-taxes had caused noble families to sell their collections.

Thus, in the White Palace this autumn, you may see gathered for the first time in one place the finest flower of one of the most significant periods of Italian painting. Genoese artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were the innovators of their time, introducing new influences—such as the schools of Rubens, Van Dyck and Velasquez—into the mainstream of Italian art.

The city has often attracted foreign artists and famous exiles. Both Rubens and Velasquez worked here. Byron lived and wrote in a Genoese villa. Here Shelley composed many of his "Italian" poems. Wagner raved about its beauties. Nietzsche utterly lost his wig. Paul Valéry had a revelation (of his own genius) in a thunderstorm. Constance Wilde passed the latter half of her life here, while Oscar was going down other Italian hills. These days the international set prefers to gather a few miles down the coast at Portofino, that unique fishing village where the Rex Harrisons and King Constantines of this world have their villas.

But for my money, the place to stay on the Italian Riviera is Genoa—"La Superba." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF
(cont. from p. 971)

one vote). She communicates nothing of value—sociological, anthropological, cultural—about the country; she insinuates that the majority of the African Rhodesians are sympathetic with the tiny terrorist nationalist organizations (now splintered into ZANU and ZAPU); after yards of claptrap, she remarks (incredibly) in referring to her own servants there: ". . . the three 'boys'—a term the Africans seem not to mind too seriously, since its habitual use had long since dulled its demeaning implications. . . ." Dear Lady!

E. B. MEYER

LUCE
(cont. from p. 959)

youth publications, have been misled into thinking that the Beatles were putting down the antics of the SDS and New Left types. Here is what is really happening, according to Allen:

> The coup de grâce, according to the swingers at NATIONAL REVIEW, is that "Revolution" puts down the Maoists. In this one, of course, The Beatles are simply telling the Maoists that Fabian gradualism is working, and that the Maoists might blow it all by getting the public excited before things are ready for "Revolution." The song makes it perfectly clear that The Beatles are on the side of, and working for, "Revolution"—and that their war is going to be successful ("it's gonna be alright"). In short, "Revolution" takes the Moscow line against Trotskyites and the Progressive Labor Party, based on Lenin's *Left-wing Extremism: An Infantile Disorder.*[5]

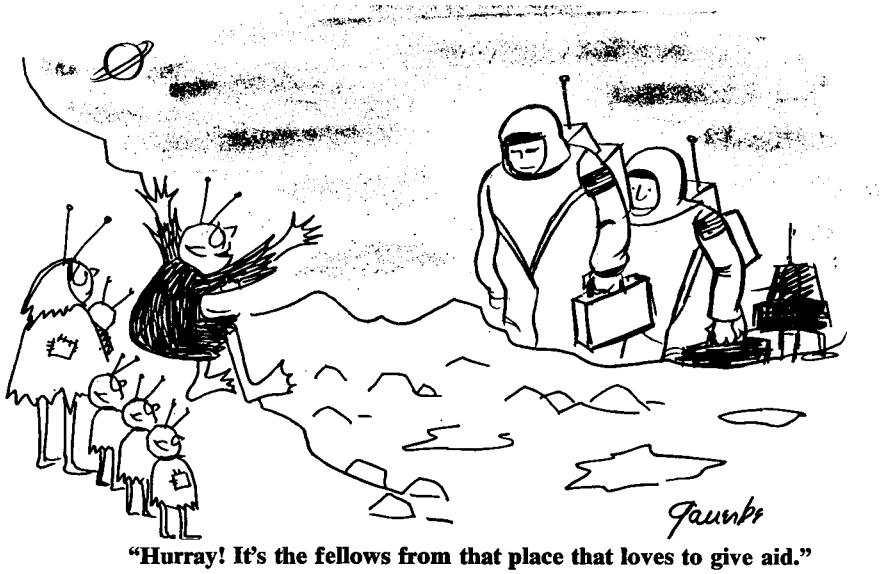
Mr. Allen's view of "Revolution" might be considered off-key, if it were not a total distortion of semantics, style and understanding. Another review of "Revolution" appearing in the *New Guard* offers a more realistic appraisal. The executive director of New Jersey YAF, Ralph Fucetola III, writes that "the latest Beatles disc, aptly named 'Revolution,' is a witty, firm condemnation of leftist activism. Satirically repeating the refrain, 'We all want to change the world . . .' the Beatles reject the usual radical means of change: 'revolution,' 'destruction' and 'hate.' . . . Both musically and polemically the Beatles urge the generation they helped create to free its mind from revolutionary enticements." Perhaps it would be advisable for Mr. Allen and his "hip" friends to ignore the rock radio stations.

The remainder of Mr. Allen's exposure of the rock world deals with the fact that various Communist publications have praised the Beatles (prior to "Revolution") and often sought to climb onto the rock bandwagon through their own equally "hip" analysis of our youth culture. Mr. Allen also quotes extensively from a professor who is acquainted with Pavlovian psychology to the effect that the Beatles are not bright enough to write their own songs and are therefore under the supernatural power of some insidious force.

Finally, we are told that The Conspiracy is behind the whole of the rock music scheme. The goal is to destroy this country through the glorification of evil. Mr. Allen ends his article with the following rhetorical question:

> Our teen-agers would do well to ask why the Establishment would finance those claiming to seek its own demise? —unless what is happening is all part of a single revolutionary thrust, of which America's youth is to be the ultimate victim. □

5. I find it interesting that Mr. Allen should know so much about rock music and so little about the works of Lenin. Actually, the study he is groping for is entitled *Left-Wing Communism, and Infantile Disorder,* according to International Publishers, the "official" Communist Party publishers in the United States.



"Hurray! It's the fellows from that place that loves to give aid."

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Ambassador Cousins Rides Again, and Falls Off

On The Right

New York, Sept. 8—A letter reaches me from an official of *Look* Magazine urging me to read an article, "How U.S. Spurned Three Chances for Peace in Vietnam," written by my old friend Norman Cousins, the peacemaker. The letter has in it an extraordinary sentence. Brace yourself. "Cousins contends," says Mr. Ralph Feller of *Look* —who is not to be confused with Radio Hanoi—"Cousins contends that on at least three occasions the Reds made some genuine, generous, altogether wonderful peace gestures which were virtually totally ignored here because of the usual incompetence, stupidity and intransigence and other shortcomings customarily inferred as a result of charges of this sort."

Now in fact Mr. Cousins is not as bad as Mr. Feller's letter sounds. But Mr. Cousins does succeed in leaving us with the impression that President Johnson maybe, or maybe the State Department, or maybe the Pentagon, or maybe all three of them, deliberately rebuffed explicit overtures by Ho Chi Minh to come on over to the negotiating tables and let's settle these differences of ours amicably.

Quite naturally, Mr. Cousins gives the impression that America's principal opportunity came at a moment of his own involvement—in the winter of 1965-1966 when the ambassador from Poland cozied up to Mr. Cousins at a dinner party and said why don't you-all come on over and discuss these matters with a representative of North Vietnam, whom you can try to persuade as to the sincerity of Lyndon Johnson's desire for peace.

Cousins, it transpires, took the matter up with the White House. Endless conferences with Bundy, Valenti, and here and there Johnson took place. A trip to the Far East with Humphrey towards the end of the period—Cousins had been waiting waiting waiting for the Polish ambassador to designate, on instructions from Hanoi, just when and where a meeting might take place—it all came to a head when the Poles suggested a meeting (in Warsaw) at a time that coincided with the predictable end of the long (37-day) bombing halt during that period.

The enemy's tactics were obvious. Hanoi desired, by using poor Mr. Cousins, to persuade Mr. Johnson to postpone a resumption of the bombing. And why not? What did Hanoi have to lose by such a maneuver—except to commit someone to day after day after day of discussions with Mr. Cousins, for which duty no doubt some patriot could have been found to volunteer. (I am being mean—I like Mr. Cousins, and would have volunteered myself, except that the differences between us are perhaps greater than the differences between him and Hanoi on the matter of the Vietnam war, so that I wouldn't have qualified.)

THE WHITE HOUSE apparently reasoned that enough was enough. After all, there had been a long history of negotiations and overtures to the enemy; the North Vietnamese had failed to respond to no less than 41 authoritative appeals to come to the conference table. Mr. Cousins' piece is on that point alone puerile—his assumption that the failure of North Vietnam and the U.S. to arrive at the conference table issued from the failure (if that is the word for it) of the United States to respond to slippery invitations on three separate occasions. His major intellectual dereliction is that everything he writes about so glowingly, all of that which would have resulted from successful contacts between himself and Hanoi—a coming together at the conference table, plus a cessation of the bombing—lo and behold, came to pass, in due course, even without the intervention of Mr. Cousins.

But here is the troubling observation. What then happened, as well we all know, is: nothing. Worse. What happened, after the cessation of the bombing and the beginning of formal negotiations, was a) no progress whatsoever towards peace and b) an increase in the casualty rate. So that even if we should so far take leave of our senses as to take seriously the allegations of Messrs. Cousins (implicit), and Fellers (explicit)—that LBJ really didn't want negotiations and a bombing halt—we would be required, reasoning from the developments of the last year, to rejoice that we did not, earlier than we did, enter into the negotiations and bomb halts that Cousins et al. pined for. If we had done so, a) we would not have come closer to peace; whereas on the other hand, b) we would have killed off more American soldiers. Mr. Cousins, inadvertently, raises one's respect for Lyndon Johnson and Dean Rusk. And raises the question whether we should bomb *Look* Magazine. □

WHY LINDSAY? *New York*, Sept. 12—I cannot resist (and therefore won't) passing along a communication from Mr. Clarence Duncan, a prominent lawyer in Phoenix, Arizona, to his Congressman, John Rhodes. The occasion was the endorsement by Congressman Rhodes of John Lindsay, the mayor of New York, in his primary fight with John Marchi (who won). What puzzled Mr. Duncan was that Congressman Rhodes, a stout conservative, should back John Lindsay, a Eugene McCarthy liberal, in preference to Marchi, a Rhodes Republican.

Wrote Mr. Duncan: "Since I seldom write you," you must know that that is because I support "your every word and deed.

"Which reminds me of the story of the little boy who passed his sixth birthday without speaking a word. Suddenly, one morning he said quite matter of factly, 'These eggs are salty.' After the excitement had died down, the mother asked him why he had never spoken before if he could speak as well as he seemed to. He replied, 'Up 'til now, everything has been all right.' Which brings me to the subject of your endorsement of John Lindsay."

In order to make it easier for Mr. Rhodes to reply, Mr. Duncan sent him a questionnaire asking him to indicate which were the reasons that moved the endorsement.

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I ENDORSED JOHN LINDSAY BECAUSE:

(Please indicate the Box you are in)

1. ( ) The answer (which was explained to me by Jacob Javits) is much too complex for you to understand (actually, it is so complex, I do not fully understand it myself).
2. ( ) Lindsay has solved New York's problems and deserves re-election on whatever ticket.
3. ( ) Go away, boy, you bother me.
4. ( ) Lindsay's real name is Giuseppe Bonano. My real name is Salvatore Luciano. He is a Capo and I am a Soldier in the same family.
5. ( ) Lindsay took a math exam for me at Harvard and I owe him.
6. ( ) Lindsay came into possession of some candid photos taken of me in my indiscreet youth.
7. ( ) Lindsay keeps this 400 lb. gorilla in a house along the road my children take to school and the door on the cage can be opened by a remote-radio control.
8. ( ) Raquel Welch came in one day with some paper for me to sign. . .
9. ( ) New York City and John Lindsay deserve each other.
10. ( ) It is being kept a carefully guarded secret, but I can tell you this much: the night that Charles Edison died, there was this radical new brain transplant operation performed in a certain New York hospital on a certain prominent personage.
11. ( ) The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara offered me this moonlighting deal at $20,000 per year for life. It seemed okay at the time, but I've begun to have second thoughts about it.
12. ( ) It's the last thing Ike said. "Promise me John, promise me you will support Lindsay no matter what," he gasped. Our eyes met, I nodded, a faint smile crossed his lips and that was it.
13. ( ) I am not at all well.
14. ( ) Any left-wing ex-Republican running on the liberal ticket is better than any conservative Republican running on a Republican ticket.
15. ( ) It's simple. We think alike. We stand for the same things.
16. ( ) I gave Marchi a dirty deal once and I have hated his guts ever since.
17. ( ) It's a double-cross. If I can get him elected to one more term as mayor of New York City, he couldn't beat Harold Stassen for precinct committeeman.
18. ( ) It all dates back to when Lindsay was in the House and there was this appropriation coming up for a new post office at Guadalupe Village.
19. ( ) So I goofed. Nobody's perfect. □

NEW AND UNINTELLIGIBLE

New York, Sept. 15 — One wonders whether the main purpose of our tax planners isn't to make the new revenue code so complicated that nobody can finally understand it. The *New York Times* has most chivalrously attempted a paraphrase, intended for the layman. I give you their explanation of the Administration's improvement on the House of Representatives' improvement on the existing code, as it relates to interest on municipal bonds: "Municipal bond interest would still have to be included, however, as tax-preferred income against which personal deductions would be disallowed on a pro-rata basis proportional to the relative amounts of non-taxable and taxable income—the so-called allocation of deductions rule." Get it? One finally understands why John Mitchell left his profession as a lawyer specializing in municipal bonds, in order to relax as Attorney General.

What happens when tax laws become thus complicated is that people are driven to looking at the line opposite their own bracket, at which point they cast their eyes on the other fellow's bracket, and pronounce the bill good or bad according as one fares better or worse. Accordingly, the newspapers carry the effects of the various proposals for a non-house-owning married couple with two dependents and with personal deductions of 10 per cent of their income. Such a couple earning $3,500 is now paying $70 in tax, would pay nothing under the House Bill (HB), and nothing under the new Treasury Proposal (TP). The couple earning $10,000 pays $1,114, would pay $958 (HB), $1,012 (TP).

These figures change substantially for home owners. At $3,500, the couple pays $56, would pay $0 (HB) and again $0 (TP). At $10,000, the couple now pays $924, would pay $868 (HB), $868 (TP). At $25,000, the couple pays $3,708, would pay $3,492 (HB), $3,492 (TP).

In other words, for a non-home-owning family earning $3,500 there is a 100 per cent relief under both plans. For the $10,000 family the proposed reductions are 14 per cent (HB) and 9.2 per cent (TP). For $25,000 couples, the reductions at 5.5 per cent are identical (HB and TP). For the home owners, the reductions are also identical, and at a rate that changes very little —6.1 per cent for $10,000, and 5.8 per cent for $25,000.

What it boils down to is that the Democratically organized House proposed slightly greater relief for non-home-owning families in the middle brackets than the Republican Administration. The $50 tax differential at the $10,000 bracket will not a revolution make.

All of which leads us to discover that the action is outside these figures. And sure enough, Senator Fred Harris (who by the way is running for President) said that he "really appalled" by the Nixon proposals. He singled out for special horror the proposed reduction in the corporate tax payment of two percentage points, from 48 per cent to 46 per cent. That 2 per cent will, as they like to put it, "cost the government" $1.6 billion. Much of the rhetoric will concentrate on that reduction, and on one or two other features which "help the rich." The Nixon people have said that sober assessment of the House bill and of other proposals convinced them that an otherwise consumer-oriented package must leave room in it for reinvestment, which is done, mostly, from corporate profits.

It is never easy to defend a corporation. Demagogues have succeeded over the years in vesting it with cynicism, skulduggery, exploitation. As a matter of fact, the corporation is a social enterprise designed to maximize the opportunities of the consumer. Otherwise corporations would not exist. The profit of a corporation, in a competitively regulated economy, is not for the government to determine, but the consumer. The corporation tax is merely an extension of the tax on the individual.

We have, once again, a congeries of proposals that issue not out of any clean set of principles, or even of symmetrical prejudices, but out of a confusion of pressures, special interests, public preferences, which take us further and further away from the axiomatic arrangements of a free society, which are that a) the money belongs to the individual not to the government; and b) that taxation should be impartial. How blessed is the contrast of the Friedman Plan: double exemptions, eliminate deductions and a flat tax of 19 per cent. Try and paraphrase that one. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The study of the Christian church in its aspect as a world-wide Christian community — 10 107 61 157 45 31 76 169 103

B. Territory of which Ohio was a part — 51 140 69 115 172 87 35 17 94

C. Assembled — 39 145 62 101 70 138 122 128

D. Unscramble OFTEN YORK to get a furniture term — 118 156 49 102 5 89 165 46 18

E. Sounded harmoniously, as a set of bells — 155 40 109 97 66 90

F. What Gilbert wrote for Sullivan (sing.) — 177 67 77 112 126 28 85 6

G. This applies to papal pronouncements on faith and morals — 1 15 38 48 100 110 161 175 3 42 53 63 129

H. A tree of Australia having shiny, wavy-margined leaves and fragrant clusters of white flowers — 22 29 113 173 71 176 166 19 86 43

I. Studied action; artificiality in behavior — 123 36 47

J. Carefree; cheerful; gay — 79 23 91 105 2 108 117 120 125 136 143 148

K. Greatly agitated — 95 50 134 142 144 7 26 32 180 9 104

L. What Whittier's Boy was — 133 54 98 167 92 151

M. A type of side whiskers (sounds good enough to eat!) — 33 159 8 64 37 74 58 116 132 11 4

N. Ambiguity of speech (one of two forms) — 57 158 72 135 168 34 178 147 174

O. Cast thy_____colour off. *(Hamlet)* — 27 41 52 65 81 96 20

P. American lady novelist (1857-1948) — 88 55 153 99 13 139 73 114

Q. Essential nature — 106 179 152 78 164 163

R. Freedom or release from duty, business, or activity — 121 127 59 12 162 80 56 150

S. Took or received by succession or will — 137 160 170 14 44 82 171 21 93

T. White Sox catcher of a generation ago whose son is a Tiger — 141 131 30 75 119

U. Lined with trees — 149 146 130 60 68 83 24

V. Of greatest age — 154 124 111 25 84 16

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 972 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

1 G	2 J		3 G	4 M		5 D	6 F	7 K		8 M	9 K	10 A		11 M	12 R	13 P	14 S	
15 G	16 V	17 B		18 D	19 H		20 O	21 S	22 H	23 J	24 U	25 V		26 K	27 O		28 F	
29 H	30 T		31 A	32 K	33 M	34 N	35 B	36 I		37 M	38 G		39 C	40 E	41 O	42 G	43 H	
44 S	45 A	46 D		47 I	48 G	49 D	50 K	51 B	52 O		53 G	54 L	55 P	56 R		57 N	58 M	
59 R	60 V	61 A	62 C	63 G		64 M	65 O	66 E	67 F	68 U		69 B	70 C	71 H	72 N	73 P	74 M	
75 T	76 A	77 F	78 Q	79 J	80 R	81 O	82 S	83 U	84 V		85 F	86 H	87 B	88 P	89 D	90 E		
91 J	92 L	93 S		94 B	95 K	96 O	97 E	98 L	99 P	100G	101C	102D	103A		104K	105J	106Q	
	107A	108J	109E	110G	111V	112F	113H	114P		115B	116M	117J	118D		119T	120J	121R	
122C		123I	124V	125J	126F	127R	128C	129G		130U	131T	132M	133L	134K	135N	136J		
137S	138C	139P	140B		141T	142K	143J		144K	145C	146U	147N	148J		149U	150R	151L	
	152Q	153P	154V		155E	156D	157A	158N	159M	160S	161G	162R	163Q		164Q	165D		
166H	167L	168N	169A	170S		171S	172B	173H	174N		175G	176H	177F	178N	179Q	180K		

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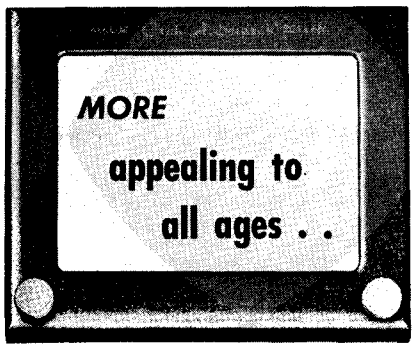
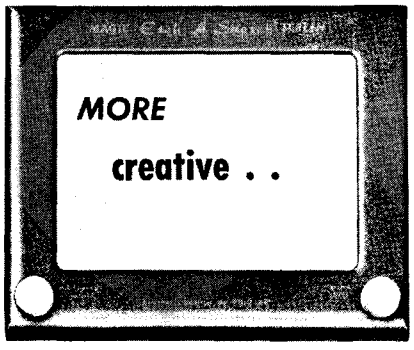
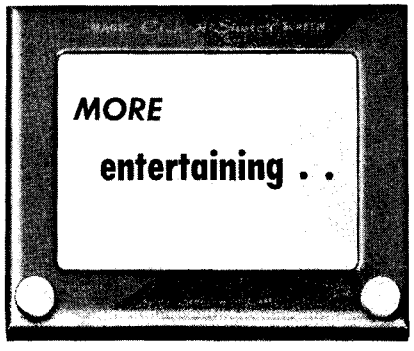
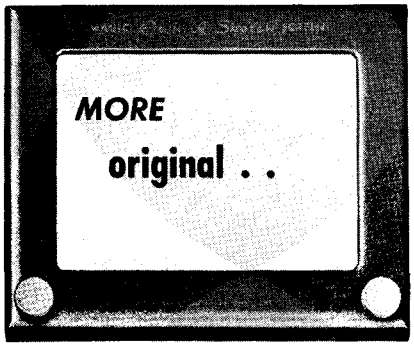
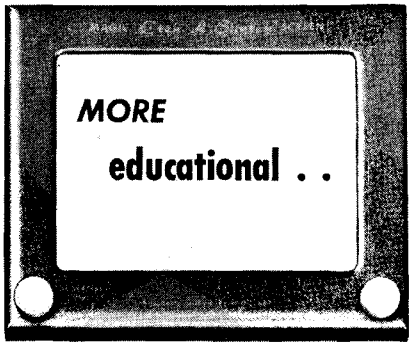
There's nothing *MORE* challenging . . .

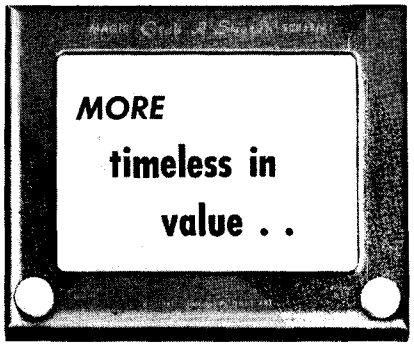


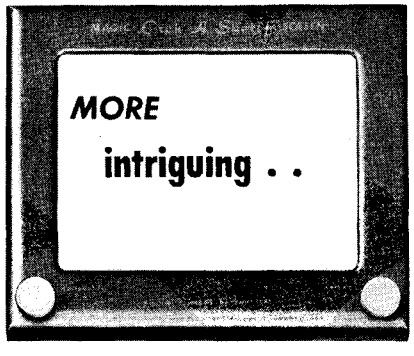


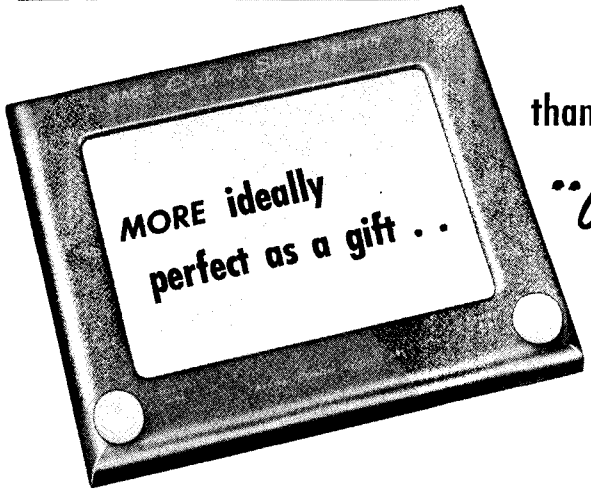












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"Man, you should have seen me–was I bombed!"

He's the guy who swaggers in on Monday mornings with stories up to here.

About how he was "smashed." Or "stoned." Or "out of his mind."

We think his words speak for themselves.

And you can argue the point if you want to, but it's pretty obvious that he thinks not being able to hold his liquor makes him seem more masculine. (Maybe because some of the other "boys" will think he's funny.)

What's that to us?

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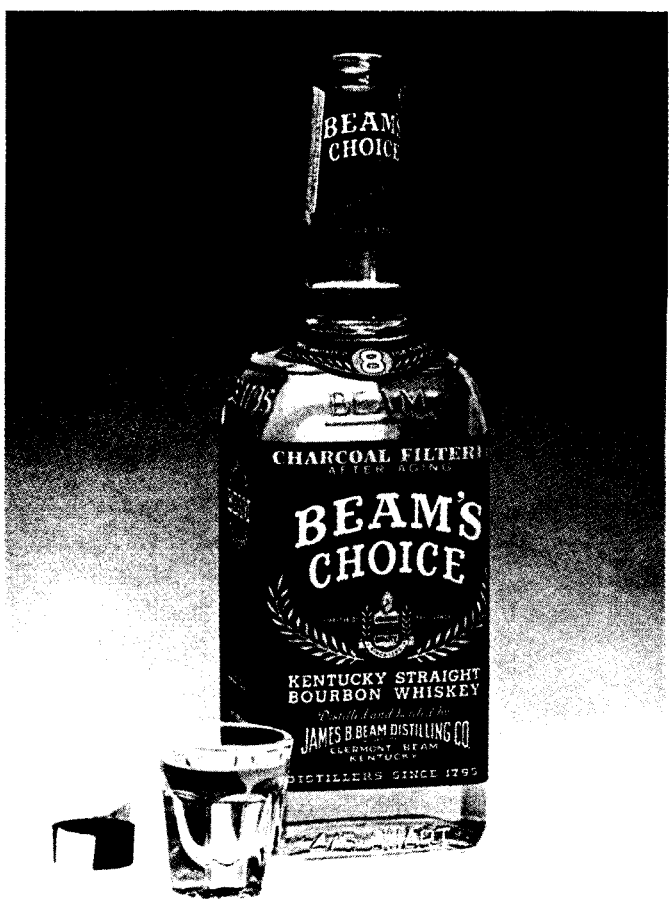
We make a good Bourbon–Beam's Choice. It's too good in fact, and we put too much into it, to ever enjoy seeing it squandered or thrown away.

Because the truth is, that's what any man is doing once he goes outside his limit. He can no longer taste or appreciate a product as good as ours.

Beam's Choice is made from a recipe that goes back to George Washington's day. It's aged for eight years. Then it's charcoal-filtered. And the result is about as close to perfect as anybody's going to get. That's why we call it "choice."

We think a Bourbon as smooth as ours deserves an appreciative audience. It was meant to be sipped and savored. Not wolfed down.

Beam's Choice is not intended for children. No matter how old they are.



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